

PURPLE

and

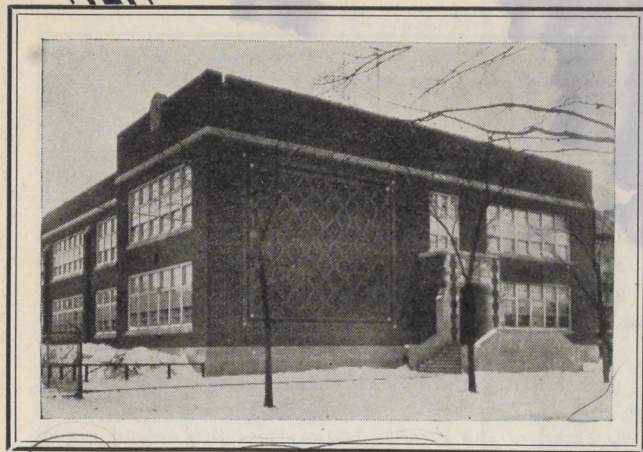
GOLD



1933

Flourish Rogers

*\$30
JA
Walter
McPherson*



J. J. Howard

E. J. Bates

Alb. MacLarish

*Jim Jackson
Lester
Arthur Phillips*

GORDON BELL HIGH SCHOOL

Winnipeg, Manitoba

June + + + 1933



DEDICATORY

IN THE SCHOOL Library are two booklets which every student of Gordon Bell High School should read. They are copies of addresses delivered by Dr. E. W. Montgomery on the life of Dr. Gordon Bell, in whose memory the school is named, and in the record of his life is an inspiration which all will cherish.

No finer memorial to such a man could be established than a school devoted to those ideals toward which he so persistently strove. Herein lies an obligation on each member of the staff and of the student body. Does this school reflect these interests and ideals and by multiplying their influence nine hundred fold make them an effective force in Winnipeg?

First and foremost we must emulate his qualities of generosity, humor, willingness to co-operate, courage, sincerity, and self-sacrifice. Education is a means to live, not a means to earn a living, and a school worthy of existence must encourage each individual to a complete expression of his or her personalities through activities designed for the well-being of the whole school and of the community. In the classroom, on the athletic field, in a chorus, orchestra or play, in all our life at school as in our life outside the school, there can be no real success or happiness without the exercise of these qualities of character.

Dr. Bell was a profound student, his interests were wide and comprehensive. Superficiality in knowledge he never tolerated and no effort was too exacting to acquire a thorough understanding of any subject he studied. There is an old adage that knowledge is power, but more especially is it true that a practice in acquiring knowledge gives power. A mind stored with worth-while facts is better than a vacuum, but a mind that has been trained in concentration and in clear, logical thinking is invaluable.

I wish to thank the students and teachers of the school for their co-operation during the past year. In all our undertakings there has been shown a spirit of sportsmanship, a true school spirit; the officers of the student organizations are to be congratulated on their initiative and enterprise, and the teachers thanked for their generosity with time and energy both in and out of the classroom. The spirit exhibited by the members of our athletic teams, choruses, orchestra, casts of the plays and stunt nights, has been worthy of the name of the Gordon Bell School.

We acknowledge a real debt to the members of the staff of the Purple and Gold for their pain-staking efforts towards the successful presentation of this first number of our year book. The editorial and business executives have co-operated to give us a book of which we are proud, and which, in years to come, will serve as a welcome reminder of our days in the year 1932-33 at the Gordon Bell.

MR. O. V. JEWITT.

Editorial Staff



Back Row (left to right)—John Ashton, Photography; Lawrie Grey, Humor; Barry Leipsic, Advertising; Russ Grant, Advertising Manager; Clair Leatherdale, Advertising; George Greene, Business Manager; Harold Lorimer, Music and Drama; Bill Rutherford, Sports.

Fourth Row—Pauline Law, Grade X Write-ups; Charlie Veysey, Advertising; Jack Holloway, Sports; Grace Harling, Social; Les. Steadman, Circulation; Rod Wilson, Messenger; Lovell Clark, Grade IX Write-ups; Lois Phillips, Art.

Third Row—Pat Hunt, Advertising; Verna Barnes, Advertising; Mr. Gow, Advisory Council; Miss Laidlaw, Advisory Council; Mr. Arnason, Advisory Council; Betty Moor, Advertising; Margaret Hastings, Sports; Frances Howe, Sports.

Second Row—Clara Barton, Circulation; Jean Coltart, Home Economics; Edgar Markwart, Associate Editor; Dave Goldstein, Editor; Blanche Hyde, Associate Editor; Kay Wright, Grade XI Write-ups; Helen Thompson, Music and Drama.

Front Row—Helen Atkinson, Literary; Betty Riddell, Literary.

Missing—Miss McTavish and Mr. Snider, both on Advisory Council.

Acknowledgments

Posters—Miss Craven, Ruth Brereton, Laura Jones, Roberta Loutit, Eleanor Ward, Lois Phillips, Len. McCulloch, Woodrow Eggertson, Bill Hall, Gordon Hicks, Jack Holloway.

Typing—Helen Dwyer and Miss Blanchard.

Photography—George Robinson, George Greene, Bill Sutherland, Henry Sedziak.

Write-ups—Bill Stoneham and Harry Tucker for "The Staff, exclusive of teachers;" Betty Moor for "Dr. Gordon Bell;" Claude Brereton for "Inter-Room Curling."

Cover Design—Cockburn McCallum.

Snapshots—Lois Phillips.

EDITORIAL

CONGRATULATIONS, Gordon Bell! Gordon Bell High School! A short two years ago you were merely one of the many Winnipeg Public Schools, now you are one of the Big Four. You did, indeed, distinguish yourself as a Junior High School, but in your new rank the way is opened to even greater achievements. Your first year in your new status has been one of triumphs that will ever form an inspiring tradition for your future members. You have suffered losses—yes, losses as magnificent as your triumphs—yet they shall serve as a spur to greater and ever greater efforts. Forgive our feeble words when we say that your first year, as a first year, has been one of which you may be justifiably proud. And we are! Congratulations, Gordon Bell!

Our new title brought with it many privileges and opportunities by which we might show our metal. We now compete with the other three High Schools in sports; we now play our part in the Literary life of the schools of Manitoba, as is evidenced by our accomplishments in music and drama; our scholars now will enter the struggle for the scholarships that offer so many tempting opportunities to the ambitious student; and we now have the privilege of publishing a Year Book, in which we might set forth our deeds and glories to our hearts' content.

* * * * *

The organization involved in the production of our Year Book was no light task. Once, however, the work had been begun, everything ran smoothly, for the entire school co-operated most marvellously, its resources being thrown open to the Editorial and Business Staffs, and students as well teachers offering their services gladly.

Conscience will not permit us to pass over the work done by several of the teachers. Mr. Snider gave much of his valuable time in organizing and advising the Staff. Miss Laidlaw and Miss McTavish also devoted much of their time, in and out of school, to the literary aspect of the book, and it is through their tireless efforts that the "Short Story and Poem Contest" was as successful as it was. Miss Blanchard and Miss Flanders aided the staff greatly by typing notices, messages, and material.

At the business end of the book, special mention should be made of Mr. Gow and Russ Grant, who looked after the sale of advertising. Under the direction of Mr. Gow, Russ and his associates established a new high mark in the history of ad-selling for Year Books. It is due to their splendid work that our Year Book has been enlarged to its present size.

There are many others deserving of mention, but as space does not allow, we must content ourselves with saying that the intense interest and whole-

hearted support of everyone have encouraged the Staff during the most difficult steps, and are sincerely appreciated.

* * * * *

Now let us present a brief resume of the activities of the students of Gordon Bell during the past year. In athletics, the members of our various teams fought with a determination hardly to be equalled. In soccer, rugby and basketball we did not fare so well, but in hockey, curling and Field Day events we bewildered the other competitors by extending them to the utmost of their ability.

In the realm of music our choirs and orchestra did remarkably well, considering the fact that we competed with groups which had been together for the last few years, while this is the first year our musical activities were carried out on a large scale.

The students were assisted in all their work by a very capable teaching staff, in extra-curriculum activities as well as pedagogically. Their co-operation and example account to a large degree for the marvellous school spirit which has been evident during the year. This spirit, we hope, will pervade the school just as strongly next year, and one of the main purposes in publishing this book is to put before the old student a reminder, and before the new, a record of past achievements, so that each might know what is to be equalled and what is to be surpassed.



A Tribute

ONE OF THE MOST energetic and diligent members of this year's staff is Mr. G. E. Snider, class teacher of Room 13. Mr. Snider is deserving of special mention in this Year Book, not only because of his many extra-curriculum activities, but also because it was he who organized the book and started the first work upon it.

At the beginning of the year Mr. Snider, together with Miss Argue, organized the Male Voice Choir and the Mixed Choir, and devoted much of his time in training these two groups for the "Festival." May I add that their success was due, to a great extent, to the tireless efforts put forth by him. Besides the choral work, Mr. Snider also took a most active part in dramatics. Under his expert supervision, two plays were put on by the students of Gordon Bell during the past year. This is the first time in the history of Winnipeg that a school has produced two plays in one term, and their unqualified success can be attributed mainly to the many long weeks of toil put in by Mr. Snider in training the actors.

Finally, apart from his choral and dramatic work, Mr. Snider miraculously found time to set the wheels of industry humming in producing Gordon Bell's first year book. It was he who made all arrangements for tenders, photography, and composition of the book. Without his valuable aid there would have been no year book.

But all this work was too burdensome. At the beginning of May, an infected leg forced him to absent himself from school, but he persisted in returning in order to train the choirs for the "Festival." After a week's strenuous work, his leg again gave out and this time he had to make his absence permanent.

The loss to the school can scarcely be estimated. His valuable advice to the year book staff was missed; the choirs will miss him greatly, and the various classes which he teaches will also suffer severely. But we were fortunate in having him while we did and can only hope that next year will see him able to carry on his marvellous work for the benefit of the Gordon Bell School.

Student Council



Back Row (left to right)—Angus Bowie, Lawrie Gray, Norman Christie, Ralph Borrowman, John Gallant, Rod Wilson, Bill Rutherford, Bill Hall, Jim King.
 Third Row—Tom Hately, Barry Leipsic, David Goldstein, Jack Holloway, Fred Badeau, Gordon Hicks, Bill Stoneham, Warren Carleton, Stuart Noble.
 Second Row—Marjorie Sutherland, Vivian Ardington, Helen Anderson, Eileen Young, Jean Coltart, Mr. O. V. Jewitt (Principal), Helen Atkinson, Asa Kristjansson, Blanche Hyde, Lovell Clark.
 Front Row—Lorna Esdale, Allison Warner, Merren Kavaner, Grace Harling, George Horton (Pres.), Toots Thom, Audrey Dickie, Audrey Penston, Clara Barton.

Sports Council



Back Row (left to right)—Bill Stoneham, Harry Tucker, Bill Beattie, Neil Campbell, Nelson Potter, Edward Bloomer, Don Best, Charlie Partington, Edward Ross.
 Second Row—Archie Whiteford, Margaret Hastings, Kay Wright, Ellen Vernon, Vange Howe, Irene Walkey, Jean Gardi, Helen Haldorson, Don Colquhoun.
 Front Row—Marjorie Brown, Bill Edmondson, Miss Craven, Mr. McIntyre, Maude Lemon, George Greene, Betty Cole.

ROOM NOTES

Room 1

ROOM 1 is second to none in academic proficiency, in sports and in the leadership which it has given to the student activities of the Gordon Bell School during the year 1932-33.

The abilities of the boys have been displayed in many lines. Our President, Horton and his subordinate officers Grey and Green, have shown their executive ability throughout the entire term. Such scholastic leaders as G. McIvor, M. Stewart and A. Holbrow, are worthy of mention. The Dramatic activities were supported in Room 1 with great enthusiasm, L. Grey, D. McKay and H. Lorimer taking active part in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and A. Holbrow playing the leading role in "Dear Brutus." Likewise, the room was well represented in the various School Choirs.

Room 1 sports have not suffered because of its many other activities. "Minnow" Green as Sports Captain has fulfilled his duties exceedingly well. The first sport of the season, rugby, was well supported by Badger, Grant and

(Continued on page 11)



Back Row (left to right)—William MacKay, Clifford Clark, Roy Garrett, Clair Leatherdale, William Fowler, George Emery, Harold Lorimer, Mac Stewart, William Ralph.

Third Row—George Robinson, Russell Sharpe, Fred Clark, Edward Turnbull, Baldwin Torell, William Lamont, Russell Grant, Charles Veysey, Lawrie Grey, Gordon McIvor, Alfred Holbrow.

Second Row—George Horton, George Makarsky, Bruce McDermot, Robert Clarke, William Boivin, Harry Badger, Lloyd Atkinson, Gibson Foot, Allan Graham.

Front Row—Munroe Green, Neil Campbell, Garland Horton, Mr. L. A. McIntyre, James Stewart, Lawrence Johnston, Douglas McKay.

Missing—Robert Davies, Arnold Gulland, Kenneth Woodin.



Back Row (left to right)—Frances Ostrom, Helen Johnstone, Joyce Langton, Palmey Kristjansson, Georgene Findlay, Gladys Whitely, Lorna Schwalm, Eunice Qually, Bernice Chadwick, Jean Christie.
 Fourth Row—Betty Ross, Helen Major, Betty Williams, Marion Scott, Jean Robertson, Jean Woodside, Edwina Peacock, Kathleen Brock, Ethel Dennis, Helen Wright, Mary Cooke.
 Third Row—Katherine Weatherhead, Muriel Hawley, Sybil Zeal, Vera Zimmerman, Margaret Climie, Beatrice Lawson, Kathleen Wright, Christine Weatherhead, Betty Milford, Ruby Whiteman, Lillian Wylie.
 Second Row—Gladys Pollard, Helen McLeod, Irene Walkey, Viola Ault, Barbara Frost, Margaret Davies, Merren Kavaner, Betty Moor, Verna Barnes, Evelyn Spottiswood.
 Front Row—Helen Campbell, Eleanor Hammell, Margaret Scott, Grace Harling, Frances Howe, Roberta Loutit, Viola Ol.
 Missing—Beryl Aronovitch.

Room 13

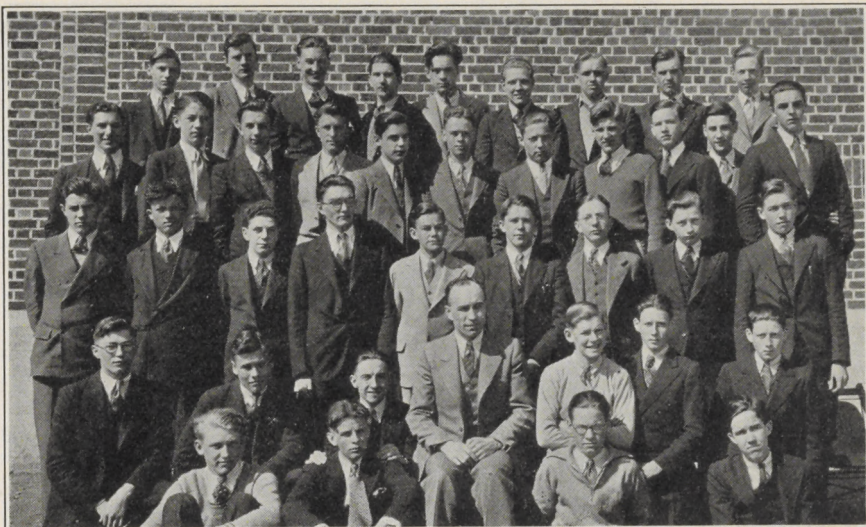
WHAT a piece of work is "13!" How noble their minds! How infinite their faculties! In sports and studies how express and admirable! In behavior how like angels! In apprehension how like geniuses! The pride of the school, the paragon of classes!

Too good to be true? No! Not in the least, when one considers that we have as President, Grace Harling; as Vice-President, Merren Kavaner; and as Secretary, Sybil Zeal.

Our last year at high school has been a profitable one, for both ourselves and the school. From "13" comes the secretary of the school, Grace Harling; the box office attractions for the play, Sybil Zeal, Betty Moore, Bea Lawson, Georgene Findley and Ruby Whiteman; Mr. Snider, the director of the plays; the main members of the orchestra and choruses; all but one of the basketball and volleyball teams; the star skater, Grace Harling; the main hopes for field day, Francis Ostrom, Irene Walkey, and Joyce Langton.

In "13" intellect is found in known and unknown quantities; the known, Gladys Pollard, Helen Wright, Bea Lawson and Mary Cook; the unknown, forty-odd other students.

This year, the good times we have had and the friends we have made, will always be a pleasant memory to us.



Back Row (left to right)—Bob Ward, Roger Knipe, Cockburn McCallum, Bill Barnes, Frank Syme, Alan Brinsmead, Dave Sheffield, Will Schroeder, Mitchell Watt.

Fourth Row—Dave Goldstein, Bill Lawson, Harold Gauer, Jim Wellein, Maxwell Rae, Len McCulloch, Les Cohen, Dave Crawley, Don Duncan, Douglas Simpson, Dan Furney.

Third Row—Bob Cawker, Ted Christowski, Charlie Bloomfield, Edgar Markwart, Don Best, Bill Gray, Wilf. Moffat, Herb. Young, Malcolm Cunningham.

Second Row—Howard Woodsworth, Claude Brereton, Jack Holloway, Mr. Gow, George Little, Dave Ritchie, Jack Ritchie.

Front Row—Roy Cavanagh, Harold Newell, Gerald Harvey, Irving Stevenson.

Missing—Harold Purdy, Doug. Bowen, Arthur Hoole, Jack Downing, Don Hastings.

Room 15

SNIFF . . . sniff . . . sniff . . . Ah! the chemistry lab. (nuff sed). Room 15 has had a very successful year under the capable tutorship of Mr. Gow. The class executive is comprised of Jack Holloway, President; Don Hastings, Vice-President; Dave Goldstein, Secretary; and Don Best, Sports Captain.

Whoa back! Who said we haven't had a sporting year? The Gee Bees were supported by Holloway, Cohen, "Stonewall" Purdy, Furnie, and Simpson in their attempt to win the inter-high rugby championship. Woodsworth and McCallum (Seniors) and Holloway Best, and Little (Juniors) represented "15" on the school basketball teams.

Room 15 has two sterling hockey players in Rowell and Syme, the popular puck-chasers of the Gordon Bell hockey team. Our room hockey team also deserves credit for its splendid effort. The winning rinks of the inter-high Curling Bonspiel were skipped by two room fifteneers, Les Cohen winner of the primary event, and Claude Brereton winner of the consolation event.

Holloway, McCulloch, Hastings, Purdy, Cohen, and Simpson deserve honorable mention in the splendid efforts they set forth in the Inter-high Field Day.

Then, too, we have our share of scholarship students. Jack Downing, Bill Lawson, Billy Gray, Dave Goldstein, and Edgar Markwart are likely prospects. Our Hollywood pupils have been deeply engrossed in their dramatic work. Furnie and Goldstein did excellently in our first play, while Barnes, Holloway, and Brinsmead did as well in "Dear Brutus."

However, considering all things together, we are really an excellent class, and as "genius borders on insanity" we are elated by the hope that therein lies the solution of all our difficulties. We have only to persuade the teachers of our genius and "the day is won."



ROOM 14

Back Row (left to right)—Douglas Hilton, Harry Tucker, Tom Kendall, Warren Carleton, Eric Ander, Maurice Montgomery, Gordon Riley, Craig Fraser, Bill Hall, Ray Mark.

Fourth Row—Hugh Gunn, Art Kroeker, George Swan, Stewart Cumberland, Homer Stockdill, Bill Houston, Borden Pound, Wylie Stafford, John Nevill, Bill Rutherford, Doug. Bruce, Stanley Sheldrake, Art Ander.

Third Row—Dorothy Robinson, Constance Campbell, Isabel Marr, Eileen Young, Vernona Bridgen, Ruth Wellwood, Jean Smith, Anne Montgomery, Kay Olson, Ruth Chatfield, Marguerite Griffiths, Jean Watson.

Second Row—Alison Gordon, Marjorie Birt, Clarice Martin, Catherine McIntosh, Alison Bain, Mr. Arnason, Dorothy Sturrock, Margaret Dobbs, Margaret Primmer, Willena McMillan, Betty Lough.

First Row—Ruth Flanders, Maud Lenon, Irene Cooper, Betty Riddell, Nan Flanders, Margaret Francis.

Rooms 14 and 16

W E OF ROOMS 14 and 16 are fortunate in having two of "Canada's Best" for our class teachers, namely, the very popular Mr. Arnason of Room 14, and Miss Groelle of Room 16. It is sad, indeed, to visualize future years without Miss Groelle and Mr. Arnason as our leaders. Let us be thankful, however, that we have had the benefit of their guidance during the past year.

Because of its mixed crew the Room 14 tramp steamer had to have two first mates, Eileen Young and Bill Rutherford. Tom Kendall was second mate. Room 16, however, lost all its officers except Room Editor (Blanche Hyde) early in the term. Blanche "Old Faithful" was then appointed President-Secretary-Treasurer, and was certainly kept busy.

The room had several successful parties. The first was led by Joe Aronovitch, our leading man until his retirement in January, at which everybody had their fill of wieners and other things!! The next party was held at the home of our country gentlemen, Art and Eric Ander. The last and best affair was held at the Edgewater Rendezvous with Mr. Arnason as host. All enjoyed themselves even though Craig Fraser had to tell one of his terrible jokes.

We are well represented in musical activities; several of the girls and boys being in the festival chorus. Notable among these were Willena McMillan and Warren Carleton.

The girls, with Miss King as P.T. teacher, were unfortunate in having only one period of P.T. a week. Nevertheless, the girls did their part in volleyball



ROOM 16

Back Row (left to right)—Rona'd Morris, Jim Chisholm, Fred Iverson, Bill Stoneham, Archie Whiteford, Irving McDermott, Bob Waylett, Ivan Phillips, Bill Rollins.

Second Row—Margaret Davis, Blanche Hyde, Phoebe Roberts, Mary McNulty, Alice Chesley, Rhodell Reynolds, Mary Armstrong, Marion Hilton, Hazel Mawson.

Front Row—Margaret Agnew, Ellen Sibbald, Florence McFayden, Miss Groelle, Phyllis Folbite, Elsie Jones.

Rooms 14 and 16

and basketball, Dorothy Sturrock representing us on the school volleyball team and Captain Maude Lemon on the basketball team. Needless to say, Rooms 14-16 carried off the Basketball Championship.

The boys and girls of Rooms 14 and 16 will sail out into the sea of life this year, with pleasant memories of their "three R days" in Gordon Bell to buoy them over the reefs and rocks of the treacherous route to success.



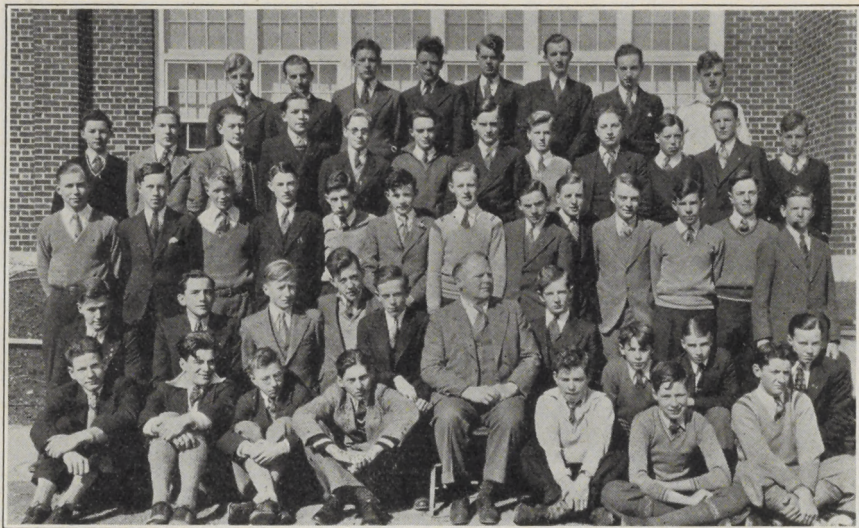
Room 1

(Continued from page 7)

Leatherdale. Following rugby, football found excellent players in M. Green, C. Clark, R. Clark and N. Campbell, and our room team excelled in Inter-room Football, taking the championship. When hockey came into the lime-light, R. Clark, B. Boivin and H. Badger represented Room 1 on the school hockey team. Considerable interest was taken in basketball, Garland Horton and D. McKay being on school teams.

The field meet is the next sport in line. We have great hopes also in George Horton and Munroe Green, distance runners, and in our junior high jumper, D. McKay, to win points for us in the track and field meet.

To crown all these class achievements, Room 1 has been honored by having its president and sports representative chosen to lead the student activities of the whole school.



Back Row (left to right)—A. Sprange, N. Christie (Pres.), K. Chase, J. Muzeem, T. Jackson, R. Boyd, M. Kim, T. Ross (Sport Captain).
 Fourth Row—D. Murray, F. Campbell, A. Fryer, L. Hess, B. Cummings, J. Wann, H. Hurst, G. Meredith, T. Lamont, S. White, B. Guest, K. Ward.
 Third Row—N. Inman, D. Grant, J. Davidson, K. Newcombe, R. McFarlane, F. Perry, G. Hicks (Vice-Pres.), A. Hanson, E. Allison, J. Cowan, H. Lawrie, N. McCaughey, J. Meredith.
 Second Row—D. Wishart, D. Whitley, A. Robertson, J. D. C. Bruce, H. Craig, Mr. A. V. B. Lamont, H. Armstrong, H. Cay, K. Anderson (Sec'y), F. Brown.
 Front Row—H. Chadwick, F. Wood, L. Reith (Editor), H. Bowser, N. York, F. Dwyer, E. Ferguson.

Room 2

MORE than likely some of you have heard about Room 2. We are the quiet, studious boys who stand around the main entrance gaping at the "Belles of Gordon" at 9 a.m. and 1.30 p.m.

Our main boss is Mr. Lamont. Our President is Norman Christie, while Gordon Hicks is his assistant. Ken Anderson, the ever-present, is our Secretary. Ken usually turns up with something new after collections for something have been made.

At the first of the year we had a wiener-roast out in Fort Garry. It went over with a bang! In the winter we held a tramp, with eating and dancing taking place at the club-house of the Winnipeg Flying Club.

Room 2 notables are:—Freddie Wood, speed-skater and runner; Don Whitley, swimmer; Hank Armstrong, football and hockey player; and Angus Robertson, basketball expert.

Room 2 has a room paper, "The Vakyum Kleener," which is published every once in a while, with a few dumb cracks and sometimes something humorous. At the first of the year we also had a "Daily Dirt," edited by Len "Zunger" Reith, but Zunger and his "Dirt" soon crept off the bulletin board.

It being a certainty that we will all pass, the Grade XI teachers are holding meetings to decide who will be the lucky one to get us as a class next year. Anyhow, the Grade X teachers will remember us as the best-behaved, best-mannered, quietest, and most diligent boys who ever graced the inside of a Grade X classroom. (If you believe the last paragraph, you can sure "take it.")



Back Row (left to right)—Lila Rutledge, Marguerite McFadyen, Laura Bennett, Ina Pearen, Helen Thomson, Chrissie Knight, Nora Mansell, Pat Hunt, Muriel Porter, Isabel Amos.
 Fourth Row—Edith Shafer, Vera Winslow, Kathleen Wilkinson, Jean Halliday, Helen Halldorson, Ruth Fieldhouse, Gladys White, Mona Frye, Mabel Smith, Dorothy Huggins, Margaret McEwen, Margaret Herbert.
 Third Row—Betty Wejdman, Pat Litchfield, Alison Warner, Gladys Anderson, Peggy Esau, Alga Jonasson, Chrystabel Webb, Francis Faiers, Eleanor Murray.
 Second Row—Marjorie Law, Kathleen Munro, Edith Haig, Miss King, Emma Fiala, Lillian Kernaghan, Betty Tomlinson.
 First Row—Kathleen Brown, Lillian Cookson, Betty Turner, Gladys McPherson.
 Missing—Martha Radford, Janet Leggett, Lila Hadden, Gertrude McDowell, Jane Montgomery, Helen Oliver, Margaret Pearson.

Room 4

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! The following is the chronicle of the room bearing the number four. The Students of Learning who guide the destiny of our august room are Janet Leggett, our capable President; Alison Warner, her little helper; Chris. Webb, Sec.-Treas., who is always cool and collecting—something. In sports we have our admirable Sports Captain, Helen Halldorson.

"Papers began to flourish
 And to our great delight
 The Editors published an issue
 Which we called the Dynamite."

Editors—Pat Hunt, Mona Frye, Mabel Smith.

"By putting the ball in the basket
 We won two games out of three,
 The team work of the players
 Led us to v-i-c-t-o-r-y."

Congratulations are awarded to Betty Turner, our "Water-Baby," and to Helen Halldorson and Gladys McPherson for representing us on the Junior Volleyball Team.

At the Stunt Night the Dynamiters entertained their guests by a comedy reel, entitled, "Thirty Years Hence."

"So now our little chronicle
 Draws to a fitting close,
 We've told you all our history
 We hope you didn't doze.
 When we play games and write exams
 We make a real good showing,
 So good-bye all, see you next year,
 And please don't think we're blowing."



Back Row (left to right)—Orville Marty, Beith Mullins, George Ross, Ray Bridgeman, Archie Taylor, Meyer Solomen, Charlie McNaughton, Hector Stevens, Doug. Clarke, Ralph Borrowman.
 Fourth Row—Roy Folkes, Hov. Delmage, Jim Knaggs, Eddy Bloomer, Cecil Fenton, Bob Cameron, Harry Easton, Jack Millar, Angus Wallace (Sec'y), Hilary Copeland, Ralph Creswell.
 Third Row—Charlie Parting (Sports Captain), Jack Sprange, Jack Edlestein, Burton Kennedy, Ralph Eagle, Jim McCarthy (Pres.), Ken Scott, Stewart Way, Harold Dunham, Roland Antaya, Edwin Millidge, Jim King (Vice-Pres.).
 Second Row—Les. Steadman, Herb. Fredman, Bob Fargey, Leon Katz, Mr. McIntyre, Louis Levine, Willard Keith, Florimond Desreux, George MacCollough.
 Front Row—Jack Knight, Hugh Hawkins, Don Clark, Edgar Cawker, Derrick Wilson.

Room 5

THE OTHER day, walking along Desreux St., I met Clark, Fenton, Edelstein, and MacCulloch. We chatted and decided to walk the same way. Great Scott! I had almost forgotten to mention that Charlie had just come from his girl friend's house on Kennedy or King St., or somewhere around there. Of course, we were discussing school topics, a subject which is as old as Solomon. Our school, of course, was a hundred per cent better than any other, at least that was Cameron's opinion. We asked him to lend us a dime. He said "I can (Borrow)man but never lend." We called on the Taylor to pay a first instalment on a suit. No, that is a Bloomer; it was the second payment. Then we ran into Clarke, who was having a secret confab with Copeland, Antaya and Mullins. Well, Foulkes, we then went to Miller's house and called it a day.

I ran across Steadman and Hawkins at the corner of Portage and Main Sts. "Let's go across the (Bridge)man," Hugh said, "and have a look at St. Boniface." Les spied Fargey and Millage on the opposite side and invited them to join us on our trip. As Knight was approaching we started for home and we met Ross, Keith, Stevens, and Nares playing around a large Derrick. After (Knag)ging for awhile we decided to end the day with a sail in Edwin's boat.

This year Room 5 has been very successful in sports and managed to capture the Grade X football championship. We also had several activities with Room 2 and managed to hold our own. Well, au revoir until next year!



Back Row (left to right)—Alice Davies, Betty Cole, Helen Anderson, Betty Wright, Jean Downey, Vernon Bushy, Eleanor Lambert, Marjorie Sproule, Irene Kovsky, Francis Conner.
 Fourth Row—Lenore Didmon, Clara McRae, Marguerite Croshie, Margaret Thomson, Eleanor Ward, Jenny Sirunikoff, Lillian Brown, Ruth Qually, Lorette Lazeunesse, Del Weager, Ruth Haney, Ann Bloomer, Lenka Putnick, Bronia Kruczah.
 Third Row—Lillian Kay, Esther Frith, Bernice Hales, Lily Petursson, Margaret McKean, Eleanor Kieth, Margaret Purdy, Annette Verville, Vilma Lasky, Irene Onhauser.
 Second Row—Joyce Cassidy, Shirley Garret, Evelyn Stoir, Murial Hogg, Miss Bates, Lucy Gannon, Anna Jarvis, Myfanny Davies, Margaret McKeag.
 First Row—Jean Colthart, Beatrice Frederick, Vivean Ardington, Bernice Bateman.

Room 6

CENSHUN! Zip! It's only the door opening on the Room 6 battalion, which, after many ups and downs, has firmly decided to set out and give "Old Man Education" the most thorough beating he has ever taken.

Our able General, Miss Bates, enforces our army discipline, and is aided by Captain Anderson, and Colonels Ardington and Kovsky; while our Drill Master Cole patiently drills us from day to day. Incidentally, we have two representatives on the school council, Drill Master Cole for athletics, and Colonel Coltart for the literary staff.

Somehow or other, our battalion does not seem to be at all socially inclined, but we intend to have a round-up before our battle is over and our fate decided.

Our sports were enjoyed by all our members, and we managed to come first in the Girls' Shuttle Race, and second in the Hurdle Races on Field Day.

The Dramatic world seems to be the world in which we live, for our battalion had the honor of being represented in both plays. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Del Weager, one of our honored members, appeared as "Helena," and Bernice Hales appeared as a fairy. In "Dear Brutus," another battalion member, Lillian Kay, appeared as "Johanna."

Our battalion, however, has a peculiar way of leaving its home-work till the last minute and then rushing and scrambling to finish it in time for inspection. Nevertheless, we enjoy our work and trust that not too many of our comrades will be found wounded or slain on the field of battle when the result of our final attack is known on June 15th.



Back Row (left to right)—E. Schell, C. Johnson, B. Walker, H. Mullin, D. Einarsson, W. Gramme, S. McFarlane, A. Bowie, C. Fletcher.
 Third Row—E. Johnson, R. Brockest, A. Vipond, J. Williams, N. Potter, S. English, H. Handcock, N. Matheson, D. Small, A. Waite.
 Second Row—R. Wilson, R. Sephton, L. Wanzel, S. Hull, A. Archer, J. Heipel, K. Henry, R. Doe.
 First Row—J. O'Connell, J. Ashton, W. Comrie, Mr. F. W. Simms (Teacher), H. Moore, W. Ralph.

Room 8

WELL! Well! I guess Room 8 has a history all its own. When everything is summed up, I think we have gained quite a reputation throughout the good old seat of learning. Well, just to give some boys the thrill of seeing their names in print, we will discuss the room officials. In the role of President is Gus Bowie, a popular and capable fellow. Next we have Rod Wilson, who is the Vice-President of the school. This distinguished personage presides in office in the absence of Gus. Of course, we can't forget Howard Mullins, who had the arduous and almost impossible task of collecting money. When we turn to the sports, "Nellie" Potter, who is very popular, occupies the position of Sports Captain. Incidentally, "Nellie" is also Captain of Grade X Sports. Quite a record for the room, eh?

In regard to the Literary section, "The Wash" of Room 8 has quite a reputation also. The editor, Joe O'Connell, has brought out the dirt in regular periods. He was assisted in this task by Norm Matheson and Earl Johnson, who served as sub-editors.

The ruler of this vast regime is Mr. Simms, who has worked hard all year to make Room 8 the best room in the whole school. Up to date he has not been absent one-half day, and that is a record. During the year he planned many interesting events which were received with enthusiasm. In all, I think that Room 8 has weathered the storm, and that our campaign was an overwhelming success.



Back Row (left to right)—Helen McDowell, Marjorie Andrew, Alma O'Neil, Lois Phillips, Hazel McLeod, Marjorie Peterson, Quen Gargett, Gwen Robertson, Frances Watts, Cora Turk.
 Fourth Row—Ellen James, Doris Creighton, Marjorie Sutherland, Irma Toews, Florence Scholes, Laura Jones, Joyce Jessop, Olive Howe, Ruth Hammond, Catherine Hiebert, Helen Thompson.
 Third Row—Viola Pendleton, Che Drover, Evangeline Howe, Adeline Swick, Beatrice Felsted, Dorothy Dingle, Alice Wylie, Helen Knowland, Lorna Lamont, Katherine Flett, Doris Makarsky, Maureen Campbell.
 Second Row—Doris Perry, Mona Rollins, Lillian Kluckner, Hazel Buchanan, Evelyn Mason, Pauline Law, Betty Hoole, Marie Ladd.
 Front Row—Helen Powell, June Smith, Anna Skaptason, Elaine Wood, Miss MacTavish, Jeanne Raymond, Alma Heaslip, Norma Dow.

Room 9

REPOSING at the top of the ladder leading to Grade XI (we hope that none of us will continue to repose for another year), we feel that we have justified our presence in Grade X. Despite the Herculean task of instilling Geometry into us, Miss MacTavish has borne the struggle nobly, and we appreciate her consistent fair play. Our hard-worked President is Marjorie Sutherland, assisted by Hazel Buchanan, Vice-President, and Pauline Law, Secretary-Treasurer; while Evangeline Howe proved a capable Sports Captain.

We are proud of our athletes in Room 9, and so have occasionally torn ourselves away from studies to root for Evangeline Howe, Che Drover, Doris Perry, our representatives on the Junior Basketball team; Marjorie Sutherland, our Junior Volleyball star; and our own room Basketball team.

To brighten the dreary routine of school, we held two "tramps," one in the fall and one during winter, when we exterminated numerous hot dogs and generally enjoyed ourselves. The Stunt Night was another red-letter event on our calendar of activities.

Ambition runs high in Room 9, and we have many celebrities. Why, one of our number even cherishes the secret hope of becoming a hockey star. Then, too, we have Betty Hoole who played the part of Hippolyta in "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" Norma Dow, who will some day overshadow Paderewski's fame; Beatrice Felsted, our budding composer; Lois Phillips, our cartoonist; and the rest of us, contributors to that famous room paper, the "Adamless Eden."

Altogether, we have enjoyed our year, and hoping to become Seniors next year, we look forward to one equally successful.



Back Row (left to right)—William Bailey, Douglas Wilson, Gordon Mathieson, John Gallant (President), Kenneth Young, James Taylor, Edison Trott, Glenn Allan.
 Second Row—Champion Waugh (Vice-Pres.), Reg. Frankling, Woodrow Eggertson, Eric Mitchell (Sec'y), Ray Jewsbury, James Coyle, Alfred Crookes, Stafford Wilson, Douglas Bower, Ernest Wilkes.
 First Row—Angus Murray, Allan Brand, Eric Layfield, Miss A. G. Laidlaw (Teacher), Donald Colquhoun, Douglas Kirkpatrick, Skapti Reykdal.
 Missing—Wilfred Blier, William McIntosh, Peter Adie, Bert Glay.

Room 10

NOW, ARISTOTLE the great scholar, wishing to see how education would be carried on in the twentieth century, wandered into the humble abode of a wise sooth-sayer.

"Verily," saith this sage, "if thou wouldst see the method of education in that era, gaze into yon crystal." As Aristotle peered into the gleaming sphere he beheld the greatest Seat of Learning of all time. Indeed! What could it be but Room 10, Gordon Bell?

"Now," quoth he, "I see a sage philosopher, Miss Laidlaw by name. I see also one of ponderous build, John Gallant, whom they call President. Forsooth, the President has a Vice, one Champion Waugh. There is also a Secretary-Treasurer, Eric Mitchell, and a Sports Captain, Donald Colquhoun.

"There are some talented actors in the room, for I see Edison Trott, to be noted for his howling as 'Thisbe' in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and another called Douglas Wilson, who will play in 'Dear Brutus.' There is also one called Bert Glay, director of Room 10's stunt night play. I see two class papers—one the official, the 'Bell Beater,' and another, the 'Rival Rag,' edited by Wilfred Blier and Stafford Wilson.

"Although misfortune pursues the 'Tenners' football team, the hockey team loses only two games, while the basket-ballers lose but three. Athletes representing the school in various sports are: Reg Frankling, Champion Waugh, Alfred Crookes, and Glenn Allan."

A look of exultation lit the aged countenance of Aristotle as he saw that, despite Room 10's small enrolment, their achievements would go down in Gordon Bell history. Truly, education would be well carried on.



Back Row (left to right)—Muriel Atkins, Isobel Higham, Rhoda Jones, Martha Horne, Olive Laing, Clara Barton, Edith Burton, Lorraine Kilgour, Eva Lush, Margaret Lennox.
 Third Row—Georgina Ambrase, Ellen Vernon, Beryl Richardson, Madeline Caughey, Mildred Henry, Jocelyn Campbell, Pat Perry, Alexine McGarrol, Ruth Fryer.
 Second Row—Dorothy Armit, Betty Trout, Marjorie Hutchings, Isobel Wilmot, Bernice Power, Ruby Pidgeon, Dorothy Orr, Audrey Penston, Peggy Thomson.
 First Row—Ellnor Browne, Margaret Thirlwell, Margaret Johnston, Miss Flanders, Gladys Rose, Iva Withers, Margaret Mathieson, Lillian Wallace.

Room 23

ROOM "23" now on the air; so tune in on our program for the year. No, that isn't static you hear; just our speed artists on the typewriters. Margaret Thirlwell and Jocelyn Campbell in the lead at forty words a minute. Not bad for beginners! Miss Flanders proves an efficient Managing Director, ably assisted by our officers:—Audrey Penston, President; Clara Barton, Vice-President; Bernice Powers, Secretary-Treasurer, and Ellen Vernon, Sports Captain.

Room "23" shines in athletics. The school basketball and volleyball teams have as members Martha Horn, Dorothy Orr, Olive Laing, Alexine McGarrol, and Beryl Richardson. Our demons on skates are Olive Laing, the Manitoba Girls' Speed Champion, and Alexine McGarrol, City of Winnipeg Girls' Champion.

Our musical ability is such that both Ruth Fryer and Margaret Lennox are in our school orchestra. And we have many girls in Miss Argue's chorus.

Room "23" made their big hit on Stunt Night. The play "Shakespearean Hash," directed by Audrey Penston, brought into the limelight our two comic artists, Madeline Caughey and Ruth Fryer. In our school play "Dear Brutus," we were well represented by Iva Withers and Clara Barton, who played their respective parts exceptionally well.

As we all hope to become Seniors next year, please listen in for our next broadcast in 1934.



Back Row (left to right)—Margaret Kitching, Violet Harper, Betty Woodside, Audrey Madson, Betty Bate, Ruth Wollar, Helen Goode, Ruth Brereton, Beth McRae, Peggy McCracken.
 Fourth Row—Florence Yeaman, Betty Brackie, Audrey Anderson, Helen McPherson, Leonora Ostrom, Joyce Fallow, Sheila McNicol, Betty Cassidy, Phyllis Wiggins, Iris Rutherford, Betty Ann Boardman, Marjorie Brown.
 Third Row—Jean Wright, Lorna Esdale, Helen Atkinson, Margaret Woolman, Rae Hodgkinson, Helen Fraser, Beatrice Ross, Margaret Riddell, Una Davies, Pauline Martin, Muriel Dixon.
 Second Row—Irene Perry, Roberta Munsie, Florence Harris, Jessie Ainge, Marguerite Madson, Miss Argue, Ellen Faires, Isabel MacCulloch, Margaret Kent, Jean Dickie.
 Front Row—Norma Annett, Frances Caldwell, Ruth Douglas.
 Missing—Eleanor Batten, Helen McCurdy, Miriam Sephton.

Room 7

THIS year Room 7 is a class of girls with Miss Argue as class teacher. Helen Atkinson, who is on the Literary Council, is the room President; Marjorie Brown, the Sports Captain, represents us on the Sports Committee. The other officers are:—Lorna Esdale, Vice-President; and Ruth Brereton, our reliable Secretary.

Many of the members of Miss Argue's Fairy Chorus came from Room 7, and of course, some of the girls are in the Girls' Chorus. Nor have we been backward in the dramatic line. Petite Jessie Ainge was "Titania" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Violet Harper played "Mrs. Dearth" in "Dear Brutus."

For the Grade IX "Stunt Night," the class put on a Negro concert; the blackening on our faces hardly improved our looks, and it was terribly hard to get off! Negro songs were sung by the whole chorus, while Jessie Ainge and Violet Harper each sang a solo. Jean Wright and Audrey Madson did a comic skit; and Betty Cassidy and Lee Ostrom gave two dances. Helen Atkinson was Master (or should it be Mistress?) of ceremonies.

In the fall, the class enjoyed a very successful wiener roast; and in January, a room toboggan party was held. Perfect weather and a perfect time made each of these outings a memorable occasion.

Room 7 has representatives on each of the girls' sports teams:—Marj. Brown and Lorna Esdale, on the Junior Girls' basketball team, and Jean Wright on the volleyball team. Marj. Brown was also on the Grade IX Girls' skating team.

After having a very happy year in Room 7, we hope to see all the class in Grade X next Fall.



Back Row (left to right)—McCarten, Fleming, Johnstone, Harrison, Noble, Chisholm, McLean, Paterson, Halter.
 Fourth Row—Turner, Stephenson, Sara, MacInnes, Thornburn, Campbell, Peto, Cooke-Laver, Vogel, Cohen.
 Third Row—Burns, May, J. Sutherland, Whyte, Williams, Livingston, Skinner, Laing, Buckham, Cottingham, Mansell.
 Second Row—Freestone, McLeod, E. Sutherland, Dempsey, Mr. Warren, Waddington, Moor, Cancilla, Hoccum, Pincok.
 Front Row—McIlhagga, Creba, Davidson, MacDonell, Cranham.

Room 17

THE CELL on your right is the home of Room 17, the famous class of boys who at the beginning of the year made the fatal decision and took both languages, Latin and French (brave lads!). Now, at the end of the year, they are still kicking, but have unanimously decided that if Latin is a dead language, it should have been buried long ago. And as for French—well, it's all Greek to us!

The president of Room 17, Bill Paterson, was ably supported throughout the year by Stuart Noble as vice-president, Garson Vogel as secretary-treasurer, and Ted Fleming as sports captain.

Everything that it was possible to do in the way of school activities was done by Room 17, under the leadership of that great teacher, Mr. Warren! In our hockey team, which we entered in the Grade IX series, were:—Art May, Alfred Mansell, H. Johnstone, Bob Buckam, Ted Cohen, Glen Creba, J. Sutherland, E. Sutherland, A. McCarten, and Allan Laing. This team won three and tied one out of the six that it played. Throughout the winter months the room was divided into basketball teams, which played each other during the Physical Training periods, under the guidance of Mr. Warren.

At the Grade IX stunt night Room 17 put on a short play, entitled, "Boadicea," followed by our symphony orchestra, consisting of four mouth organs, two guitars, and a fiddle. Walter Zelechivsky helped out with a Russian dance, which was very acceptable.

Last fall we got the bright notion that we would like to have a room newspaper; so Charlie Sara and Allan Laing were elected editors, and the paper started off right away under the name of "Nuff Sed." Later we decided to change the name to "The Lyre."

Well, Room 17 has had quite a successful year, and we certainly hope that next year we shall all be together again to carry on through another year.



Back Row (left to right)—Douglas Trott, William McArthur, Sidney Adams, Bill Cooper, Burton McLean, Fraser Eadie, Tom Racey, Bot Colquhoun, Gordon Lough.
 Fourth Row—Winston Bremer, Douglas Robertson, Charlie Williams, Frank Reynolds, George Butler, Bill Edmondson, Olgeir Thorsteinson, Ernest Ledbrook, Roy Trueman, Clifford Pink, Barry Leipsic.
 Third Row—Ronald Cameron, Victor Gordon, Jack Volkman, Gordon Wallace, Winston Wilkinson, Glen Willson, Jack Bright, Robert Stinson, David Marshall, Norman Mortimer.
 Second Row—Herbert Belyea, Alan Harrison, Jim Slimon, Lovell Clark ——— Charlie Grant, Arthur Johnston, Dan Gurawich, Geoffrey Baker, Robert Danaher.
 First Row—Alex. Taylor, Raymond Wright, Earle Simpson, Lloyd Pierce, George Argyle, Morris Wright.

Room 18

WITH the arrival of Miss Baird in September, Room 18 started out on one of the most successful years that its occupants will remember. There were no flies of the weaker sex in the ointment of our peace and tranquillity.

A good deal of credit for our success is due to our fine executive:—Barry Leipsic, President; Lovell Clark, Vice-President; Fraser Eadie, Keeper of the Shekels, and last but not least, Bill Edmondson, Sports Captain.

The first social affair was a wiener roast in Tuxedo. Then followed a season of sports and also a number of victories. The boys excelled themselves in football and won the Grade IX pennant as a result. Hockey also proved a pet game, but unfortunately we fell down on the fees. In spite of this, we won all our hockey games.

Room 18 did well in other school activities also. In "Midsummer Night's Dream," Lloyd Pierce, otherwise known as the baby of the class, played the part of "Puck." Our representative in the play "Dear Brutus" was Earle Simpson. Our class also contained two warblers, Frank Reynolds and Ronald Cameron, who were members of the male voice choir.

Every room has personalities and peculiarities, and Room 18 is no exception. Morris Wright's and Herbert Belyea's red hair; Victor Gordon's and Barry Leipsic's good (?) excuses; Winnie Wilkinson's grins; Ronald Cameron's tallness; Lloyd Pierce's lack of height; Bertie Colquhoun's complicated questions and Sidney Adams' hums and haws, all are characteristic of Room 18, and we are confident that they will be characteristic of the whole school next year.



Back Row (left to right)—Sidney Young, Winston Battley, Gerald Furney, Jack Henry, Bernard Knipe, Bob Worthington, Bruce Adair, Jack Jamieson, Fred Fabro.
 Fourth Row—Dave Johnson, Fred Wright, Herbert Hartig, Bob Law, George Macauley, Jim Power, Bob Munsie, Raymond Lush, Stanley Qually, Ian Fraser, Tom McGrath.
 Third Row—Ernest Young, Tom Didmon, Henry Reichert, Dorothy Goodridge, Bernice Cannem, Bob Mitchell, Don Kirkland, Dick Phillips, Victor Rogers.
 Second Row—Eileen Barker, Jean Gandy, Dorothy English, Marjorie Durkin, Miss Saunders (Teacher), Elizabeth Hartig, Fern Ryles, Joan Capstick, Ruth Vipond, Olive Kelly.
 Front Row—Violet Ross, Mildred Johnson, Jean Howatson, Alice Cox, Elsie Dennis, Irene Templeton.

Room 19

PUFF! Puff! Train No. 19 comes around the bend, and with sundry shrieks and groans, comes to a grinding halt. Out of it pours a struggling mass of humanity, boys and girls alike, all back to see the scene of their fight for Grade IX standing. The train crew are as follows:—Fred Fabro, President; Bernice Cannem, Vice-President; Elsie Dennis, Secretary-Treasurer; and Dick Phillips, Editor-in-Chief. The train needs a lot of stoking to make it function properly, and is stoked chiefly with Algebra and History (not to mention Grammar). The shining lights in this train are Fred Wright, Olive Kelly, Jim Powers, and Elsie Dennis.

We have had several marshmallow roasts, parties, etc., which came off well during the year. Irene Templeton and Raymond Lush were very active in this line.

At the "stunt night" two good plays were put on by the boys of our room. Our room is well represented in the orchestra, as we have three boys in it—Jack Jamieson, Henry Reichert, and Bernard Knipe. Jack has "sax" appeal and then some. Jim Powers is our noted actor and is an expert at giving the second degree to any wrong doer.

We didn't do well in football this year but hope to have more success next year and bring home a few odd cups, etc. We are proud to be able to say that a member of Room 19 had a place on the Gordon Bell Rugby Team which did so well last season, and his name is Ernest Young.

Space does not permit us to name any more members of Room 19, so we will say good-bye until next term, when we hope to meet over a glass of "Adam's Ale."



Back Row (left to right)—Lois Nowlan, Marjory Gilliatt, Eleanor Moore, Geraldine Scott, Margaret McNabb, Frances Teakles, Olive Cross, Grace McIntyre, Peggy Tillman, Betty Knox.
 Fourth Row—Patricia Scandrett, Mona Skead, Catherine Ross, Betty Tillman, Elinor Duncan, Muriel Antill, Mary Wilkes, Margaret Hastings, Asa Kristjanssen, Betty Ellis.
 Third Row—Florence Rogers, Thelma Ferguson, Stella Christowski, Evelyn Denholm, Dorothy Forsyth, Irene Bates, Constance Hamilton, Barbara Richards, Alma Johnson, Patsy Elliott, Ilse Maass.
 Second Row—Dorothy McLaren, Betty Morrison, Lenore Morgan, Norma Verner, Mrs. G. D. Laughland, Cynthia Roblin, Dorothy Johnstone, Cherrie Archibald, Margaret Ross.
 Front Row—Doris Raven, Mary de Armand, Dorothy Graham, Marie Heuchert.

Room 20

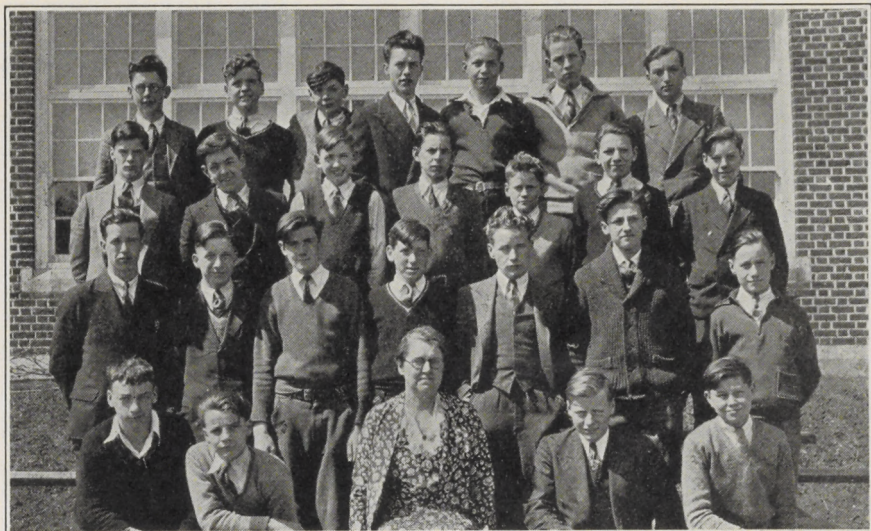
ROOM 20 is a class of girls. This year, under the leadership of Mrs. Laughland, our teacher, and the room executive consisting of Asa Kristjanssen, President; Margaret MacNabb, Vice-President; Norma Verner, Treasurer; and Margaret Hastings, Sports Captain, our room has enjoyed the popularity which is due such a versatile group of girls.

Shining lights from our room are numerous:—Margaret Hastings, who plays basketball and volleyball, and who represented Gordon Bell in the Field Day; Alma Johnson, who is a speed-skater of note; and Doris Raven, who was on the Gordon Bell swimming team.

While very proficient in sports, Room 20 is not lacking in intellectual or dramatic ability. Several pupils have obtained those elusive "ninety" averages. (Look out scholarships!) Eleanor Moore was selected for the part of "Johanna" in "Dear Brutus," while several "twenty-ites" were chosen as fairies, to sing and dance in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Crowning all these athletic, scholastic and dramatic achievements, Room 20 has been very successful in its social endeavors (or is it activities?) Early last fall we held a wiener roast, and do we like wieners . . . Boy!!! In the winter we held a sort of an impromptu house-party, which was also very successful.

Well, the Editor is hollering for this copy, and so we'll have to close. But we'll see you all next year, so we'll say "S'lunk."



Back Row (left to right)—Gordon Sturrock, Allan Young, Charlie Gulland, Jack Durkin, Jim Bowes, Bill Williamson, George Cobb.
 Third Row—Fred Waylett, Tom Hatley, Bob Whiting, John Gork, Ernest Oslie, Bert Wright, Albert Rewcastle.
 Second Row—Bill Beattie, Clifford Johnston, Jim Alexander, Norman Bailey, Neil Mathieson, Ira Vogt, Stewart Creighton.
 Front Row—Lawrence Kiely, Gordon Bryant, A. Thomson, Jack Drew, Charlie Gibb.

Room 21

ROOM 21—a room of boys worthy of praise. Our President, John Bannerman, that tall, red-headed chap you will see in the hall, enjoyed due popularity among his class-mates, and is undoubtedly headed for re-election next year, if he spends another term with us. Along with our Vice-President, Tom Hatley, he has produced some splendid room harmony. Our Secretary is Gordon Sturrock, who has rendered excellent services as the "room financier."

Gordon has the unique ability to straighten his face from a smile to complete sobriety (when Miss Thompson asks who is fooling) in record-breaking time. (Does any record exist?)

Our members tried their hands at athletics and, under the able leadership of Sports Captain Bill Beatty (member of Grade IX football team), we carried off the Grade IX inter-room basketball championship. The team, consisting of Norman Bailey, Bill Beatty, John Bannerman, Tom McGrath and Gord. Sturrock, showed splendid form, and if it keeps together, ought to carry off the Grade X pennant next year. Our representative to the "Elite" of the school is Neil Matheson, who, if he were as clever a scholar as he is a football player, would most certainly win all scholarships in sight.

Preparing for "Stunt Night" with only a week's notice was no cinch, but the boys "put it across" in fine style, and thoroughly deserved the applause they received.

In conclusion, may we state that, throughout the year, aside from our studies, we have had a very enjoyable social and sporting acquaintance with each other and hope for another next year.



Back Row (left to right)—Henrietta Creighton, Vivien Paterson, Eunice Evans, Kay Hemming, Gabrielle Anderson, Josephine Sandhurst, Audrey Dickie, Eva Turnbull, Violet Rainville, Alice Dailey.
 Fourth Row—Patsy Burke, Mae Dempster, Helene Baker, Ursula Nodder, Phyllis Parry, Jean Willson, May Ellis, Grace McDowell, Elsie Morey, Annie Lamont, Betty Andrews, Edith Sissons.
 Third Row—Phyllis Penney, Patricia Peatman, Peggy Rewcastle, Margaret Ross, Alice Guspodoric, Lillian Gorrell, Rita Ostrander, Georgina Blyth, Evelyn Shipman, Edna Reith, Evelyn Le Pers, Kay Bemister.
 Second Row—Jean Scott, Beatrice Thom, Edna Merner, Amy Conway, Miss Moir, Winnie Wylie, Violet Brown, Margaret Hutcheon.
 First Row—Sylvia Hardal, Vera Sherbino, Doris Brunskill, Lois Glasier, Zenia Lereng, Irma Tromley.

Room 22

As our room is composed entirely of damsels, it is impossible to comment on all our talented people. Therefore we present only a few of our leading lights.

Edna Reith, our tiny tot,
 Very clever and knows a lot.

Jean Wilson, black eyed beauty,
 Always here and on her duty.

Audrey Dickie, candid and quiet,
 To get near her the boys raise a riot.

Zenia Lereng, golden-haired glory,
 Beautiful tresses, like in fairy stories.

Violet Brown, editor, dumb,
 Would be O.K. if she'd stop chewing gum.

Evelyn Shipman, sweet, demure,
 For June passing it's very sure.

Josephine is a dangerous young thing,
 Her curly brown hair makes boys' hearts go "ping, ping."

Evelyn Le Pers, is our classroom dear,
 Always first, or very near.

The honor code of Twenty-two,
 Stands foremost, ever staunch and true,
 In everything we say and do:
 And this can rivalled be by few,
 While none can excel Twenty-two.

Miss Moir is our teacher's name,
 Her pupil's success is her aim,
 To guide and lead them on to fame,
 Whate'er the subject be they claim,
 Or studies—whatsoe'er their name.

Throughout the year our room has been guided by an excellent executive who have done everything that could be expected of them. Here they are:—Audrey Dickie, President; Jean Willson, Secretary; Gabrielle Anderson, Sports Captain; and Violet Brown, Editor.



The Big Broadcast

“HELLO, everybody! And may I say here that, contrary to popular belief, this is not Kate Smith speaking, but the voice of Gordon Bell.” And now, folks, we hear of the social doings of the Gordon Bell High School.

Did you hear about the presentation of a “Midsummer Night’s Dream?” Well, I’ll tell you about it, but remember now, this is just between you and me. It was held in the Auditorium and ran for three nights, beginning on November 23rd. It went over with a bang and was supported by the whole school. At the close of the third performance, we held an impromptu party. Really, you know, you should have been there, for we had a great time. The teachers who were present entered into the spirit of the thing and added to the enjoyment of the evening. Just imagine seeing Demetrius pulling an imaginary mustachio and gnashing his teeth in rage as he watched Hermia float by, embraced in the stalwart arms of Lysander.

Do you remember the Grade X stunt night? Wasn’t it great! Did you stay for the dance afterwards? Well, if you didn’t, you certainly missed a great time . . . And the Grade IX stunt night! Here the exuberant spirits of the Juniors bubbled over. A little dash of “sweet sixteen” sprinkled freely with “bashful (?) seventeen;” music by a smooth orchestra, and what have you? Just a darn good time!

Did you know that Rooms 14 and 16 held a very successful party and dance at Edgewater Rendezvous? Mr. and Mrs. Arnasen chaperoned the party, and it certainly went over great. It is rumored that more are in order, if not this year, next.

And now a word about the presentation of “Dear Brutus.” Supported by an all-star cast with a couple of moons thrown in for good measure, to say nothing of the moonshine and the stogies, “Dear Brutus” proved to be one of the outstanding events of the term. It was well attended on both nights and certainly earned the applause of the audience. As before, an impromptu party was held at the close of the final performance, and refreshments were served. Mr. Jarman, who attended, graced the occasion with a short speech.

I mustn’t forget our Senior party either. It certainly was a success. It was held on April 18th, in the School Auditorium. Snappy music was supplied by Freddie Iverson’s orchestra. The crowd, although small, enjoyed themselves immensely. The Auditorium was decorated in a style to suit the occasion, with purple and gold streamers (and lamp shades?) with a few balloons thrown in.

And now, as the close of this very eventful year draws near, more serious things take their place in our minds. Although we are all eagerly looking forward to the Graduation Exercises and Dance, and last but not least, the June Exams (?), we cannot help but look back with a sigh over the culmination of such a jolly year spent together. And so we sign off for 1932-1933, but don’t fail to listen in to our next broadcast.

Good-bye, everybody!

BOYS' SPORTS



Foreword

This year Gordon Bell competed in Inter-High circles for the first time. Her success in the different lines of athletic endeavors has amazed the school world. In the following pages will be found accounts of the athletic activities of the students of Gordon Bell during the past year.

This success can be attributed mainly to the co-operation which the entire teaching staff has given the various athletic endeavors, and to the whole-hearted enthusiasm of the student body. Win or lose, the boys and girls were in there trying, and were always well supported in the grand-stand.

Rugby

THERMISTOCLES! Thermopylae! With a zip and a bang, the first rugby season in the history of Gordon Bell was ushered in last September. About thirty-five hard working young men clad in everything from shorts to plus-fours, assembled daily on the grounds where they were put through their paces by Arni Coulter and Mr. Jewitt. These two men had no easy job, for although a few of the aspirants were experienced players, the great majority were novices who little realized the task ahead. After about three weeks of hard work the team had taken shape and Coach Coulter trotted his lads down to St. John's College to do battle with the Johnnians in a pre-season game. The Gee-Bees emerged from the grime of combat on the long end of a 5-0 score and seemed primed for bigger and better things.

The first league game arrived and the Bell Boys were soundly trounced by Kelvin. Nothing daunted, the Purple and Gold grid-men turned the tables on the husky Daniel McIntyre outfit in a hard fought game under the flood lights, the score being 9-7. A few days later Mr. Jewitt's lads smothered St. John's Tech. in a barrage of end runs and line plunges. The final score was 8-3.

With two successive victories under their belts it seemed that Gordon Bell was in for a successful rugby season. At this stage, the team lost the services of several of the more experienced players who had already signed up with other city clubs. Although the remaining boys gave all they had, misfortune dogged their footsteps, and they lost the remaining games of the schedule.

Warren Carlton, Archie Whiteford, Don Furney and Munro Greene were outstanding players, but the team as a whole has set a standard for their successors to live up to.



RUGBY TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Doug. Hilton, Bill Edmunson, Frank Rowell, Jim King, Clair Leatherdale, Dave Sheffield, Rod Wilson, Bill Stoneham.

Third Row—Bill Boivin, Bill Hall, Hector Stephens, Russ Grant, Doug. Simpson, George Greene.

Second Row—Tom Kendall, Lawrie Grey, Les. Cohen, Bob Clarke, Angus Wallace, Warren Carleton, Bill Rutherford.

Front Row—Les. Steadman, Jack Holloway, Harry Badger, Archie Whiteford, Ernie Young, Howard Delmage, Howard Mullins, Don Furney.

Grade 11 Soccer

THE SENIOR Soccer team was taken over by Mr. Simms, who devoted much of his time to producing a team worthy of inter-high competition. They were up against more experienced aggregations and were not able to win any games, but on several occasions they forced their rivals to give everything they had in order to down the Purple and Gold. The team line up as below:

M. Montgomery (goalie)—Morry proved indispensable to the team on innumerable occasions. One of the best in the league.

H. Purdy (defence)—An outstanding defence man, successfully breaks up opposing forwards. One of the best.

G. Greene (defence)—George's strong kicks were an asset to the team.

J. Volkman (centre-half)—A fast, tricky player, light for his position but plays it well.

A. Whiteford (left-half)—This was Archie's first year in football, but he certainly made the most of it.

G. Horton (right-half)—A steady player who can be depended upon when in a scoring position.

H. Badger (centre forward)—A fast man, came into the game late in the season.

Bob Waylett (inside right)—Rather inexperienced but did his share of the work.

B. Boivin (inside left)—Another player who came into the game late but went well.

C. Clark (left wing and captain)—A good player who worked hard and played his position well.

T. Kendall (right wing)—A good wing man who played his position well.

The substitutes were as follows: N. Campbell, B. Clarke, W. Carlton, I. Philips, W. Spafford, D. Goldstein, B. Rutherford.



SENIOR SOCCER

Back Row (left to right)—B. Rutherford, H. Badger, B. Bolvin, T. Kendall, N. Campbell, G. Makarsky, G. Greene.

Second Row—B. Clarke, A. Whiteford, M. Montgomery, Mr. Sims, C. Clark, G. Horton.

First Row—W. Carleton, J. Volkman, B. Waylett, I. Phillips.



JUNIOR SOCCER

Back Row (left to right)—N. Christie, F. Wood, N. Potter, B. Mullins, H. Copeland, A. Taylor.

Second Row—Bill Ralph, H. Delmage, H. Hawkins, Mr. Arnason, C. Partington, D. Small.

Front Row—A. Wallace, G. Bowie, B. Clarke.



HOCKEY

Back Row (left to right)—Howard Delmage, Bill Boivin, Geo. Makarsky, Frank Syme, Frank Rowell, Morry Montgomery, Bill Edmondson.
 Second Row—Bill Stoneham, John Ashton, Mr. McIntyre (Coach), Bob Clark, Bill McKay, Harry Tucker.
 Front Row—Bill Rutherford, Bill Houston, Harry Badger, Tom Kendall.

Grade 10 Soccer

THE JUNIOR Soccer Team was under the supervision of Mr. T. A. Arnason, and "Scotty" Lang, who assisted in the coaching. The team was unfortunate in losing all games of its schedule, but we hope that the experience gained by the members will prove to be of great help in the formation of a Senior team next year. The players were as follows:

Hawkins (goalie)—Handled his job in a very capable manner.

Delmage (full back)—A light man but always on the job.

Christy (full back)—A strong kicker, should be among the best next year.

Partington (left half)—Inexperienced, but played his position well—should show to good advantage next year.

Small (centre forward)—A small player for this position, but can use his head and kick well.

Potter (right wing and captain)—Played a fine game in his position, rather light, but fast on his feet.

Taylor (inside left)—A good, cautious forward who worked hard in his position.

Bowie (left wing)—A tricky, fast winger with plenty of accuracy—a hard worker.

Hockey

THE GORDON BELL Hockey aggregation set out in their initial year of inter-high hockey competition under the capable coaching of Mr. D. S. McIntyre. Their remarkable success was attained by their sportsmanship, indomitable courage and stamina, combined with their clever team-work and coaching. The schedule consisted of six games, and of these six the fighting "Bell-Boys" won four, tied one, and lost one. They accumulated a total of nine points out of twelve and thus finished in a deadlock for first place with St. John's Tech. In the play-offs they gave everything they had before bowing to the strong St. John's team. Altogether the boys proved themselves a team of which the Gordon Bell High School is extremely proud. The ability of the team was displayed by the following personnel:

Bob Clarke (goalie and captain)—Bob's sensational goal-tending provided countless thrills and he can be congratulated for his excellent leadership in the capacity of captain. Tom Kendall (defence)—Tom's clever stick-handling and smooth skating figured to a great extent in the success of the team. Frank Syme (defence)—Frank's body checking and powerful rushes were always a cause of excitement to the enthusiastic fans. Frank Rowell (centre)—Frank's speed and style were a pleasure to watch and he proved himself a valuable help on many trying occasions. Bill Rutherford (centre)—Bill is a clever stick-handler and would be a welcome player on any team. Harry Badger (right wing)—Harry's aggressiveness was a valuable asset to the team and a constant worry to the opponents. Bill Boivin (right wing)—Bill developed the science of netting rebounds and was always in on the scoring. Maurice Montgomery (defence)—Morry's powerful shots, courage and rugged checking were admired by all. Bill Houston (left wing)—Bill proved himself a clever wing-man but was handicapped by an injured hip in the middle of the season. George Makarsky (left wing)—George's solo rushes at many times put the team in a scoring position. Howard Delmage (right wing)—Howie displayed a fine style and should be a valuable player next year. John Ashton and Bill Edmondson showed up well when called upon.



Back Row—
(left to right)
S. Cumberland,
R. Borrowman,
C. Fenton,
H. Tucker,
D. Whitley.

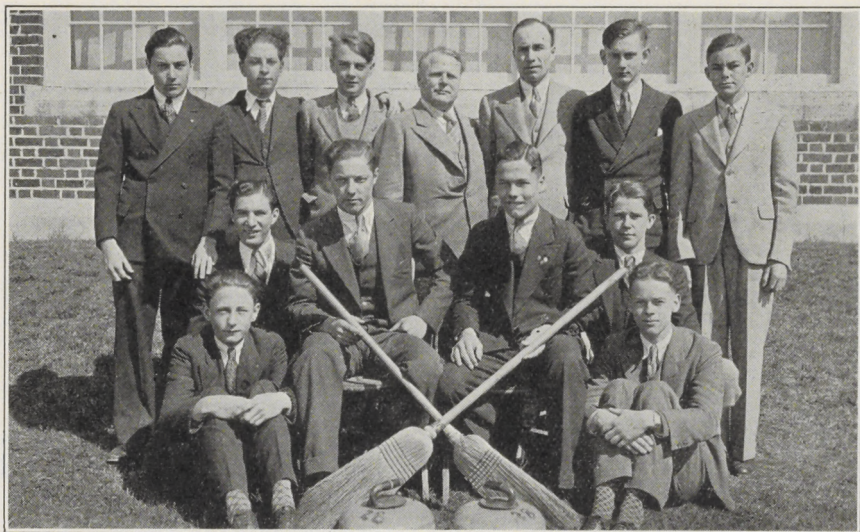
Front Row—
Miss V. Craven,
Manager,
Betty Cole,
Betty Turner,
Doris Raven.

Swimming

THE SWIMMING competitions, sponsored by the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association, were cancelled this year, but the Mixed Swimming Team of Betty Cole, Doris Raven, Cecil Fenton and Harry Tucker, came a close second to the Daniel McIntyre squad.

We hope next year that the proposed Inter-High Swimming Gala will become a reality, as Gordon Bell will have a strong contingent.

The respective teams were managed by Miss Craven and Mr. Gow, and were coached by Harry Tucker.



Back Row—Bill McArthur, Teddy Lamont, Jack Cowan, Mr. A. V. B. Lamont, Mr. C. S. Gow, Harold Hearst, Don Best.

Second Row—Dave Goldstein, Les. Cohen, Claude Brereton, Bill Gray.

Front Row—Jeff Baker, Len. McCulloch.

Curling

ON FEBRUARY the eighteenth, Gordon Bell carried off the highest honors in the annual Inter-High Bonspiel. The main and consolation events were won by the rinks skipped by Les. Cohen and Claude Brereton respectively. After surviving a grueling schedule both these rinks found themselves billed to meet two St. John's rinks in the finals. They came through with flying colors, and by so doing brought to Gordon Bell her first Inter-High championship.

Special mention should also be made of the other two Gordon Bell rinks skipped by Norm. Christie and Glen Allan, which entered the "Spiel" but were less fortunate than their club-mates.

Inter-Room Curling

During the past winter season the students of Gordon Bell have shown a keen interest in curling. Under the leadership of Mr. Gow a schedule consisting of six games each week for eleven weeks was arranged; all games to be played at the "Fort Garry Curling Club."

Mr. Jewitt with an able rink started well by winning the first four games, but was nosed out at the finish in a hard-fought game with Mr. Lamont.

Taking into consideration the fact that the majority of those taking part in the school curling this year had never before curled, the brand of curling displayed by the students of Gordon Bell was very high.



Back Row (left to right)—H. Badger, F. Wood, Alexine McGarrol, C. McCallum, Olive Laing, H. Delmage, J. Holloway.
 Second Row—Grace Harling, Alma Johnson, Doris Laidler, Mr. A. V. B. Lamont, Marjorie Brown, Audrey Dickie, Grace McDowell.
 Front Row—L. Wanzell, J. Bright, T. Cohen, F. Eadie, W. Wilkinson, B. Shepherd.

Speed Skating

THE GORDON BELL Speed Skaters are to be congratulated for their outstanding success this year. They entered six teams and managed to win three championships, a close second, and a third. The championships were won by the Grade X Girls, the Grade XI Girls, and the Grade X Boys. A great deal of credit is coming to Mr. Lamonte whose efforts were largely responsible for the success of the teams.

The Girls' Grade IX team consisted of Alma Johnson, Audrey Dickie, Doris Laidler, and Marjory Brown. They fumbled the baton when in a position to win, but by hard work and some real skating by Alma Johnson they managed to win a third place. These girls will certainly show to good advantage next year.

The Girls' Grade X team was outstanding for a high school and met with little opposition in the meet. The rival high schools will have to snap out of it if they expect to out-skate these girls—Alexine McGarroll, Doris Laidler, Olive Laing and Grace McDowell.

The Girls' Grade XI team was without doubt the best in inter-high competition and have set a mark for succeeding teams to aim at. The personnel of this speedy quartette was Alma Johnson, Grace Harling, Olive Laing and Alexine McGarroll.

The Grade IX Boys' team was represented by Teddy Cohen, Jack Bright, Fraser Eadie, and Wilton Wilkinson. They did not manage to win a place, but they certainly tried hard.

The Grade X Boys' team won their class with little opposition and certainly displayed plenty of speed. The members of this team were: Fred Wood, Glen Allan, Howard Delmage and Alf. Crookes.

(Continued on page 37)

Inter-High Field Day

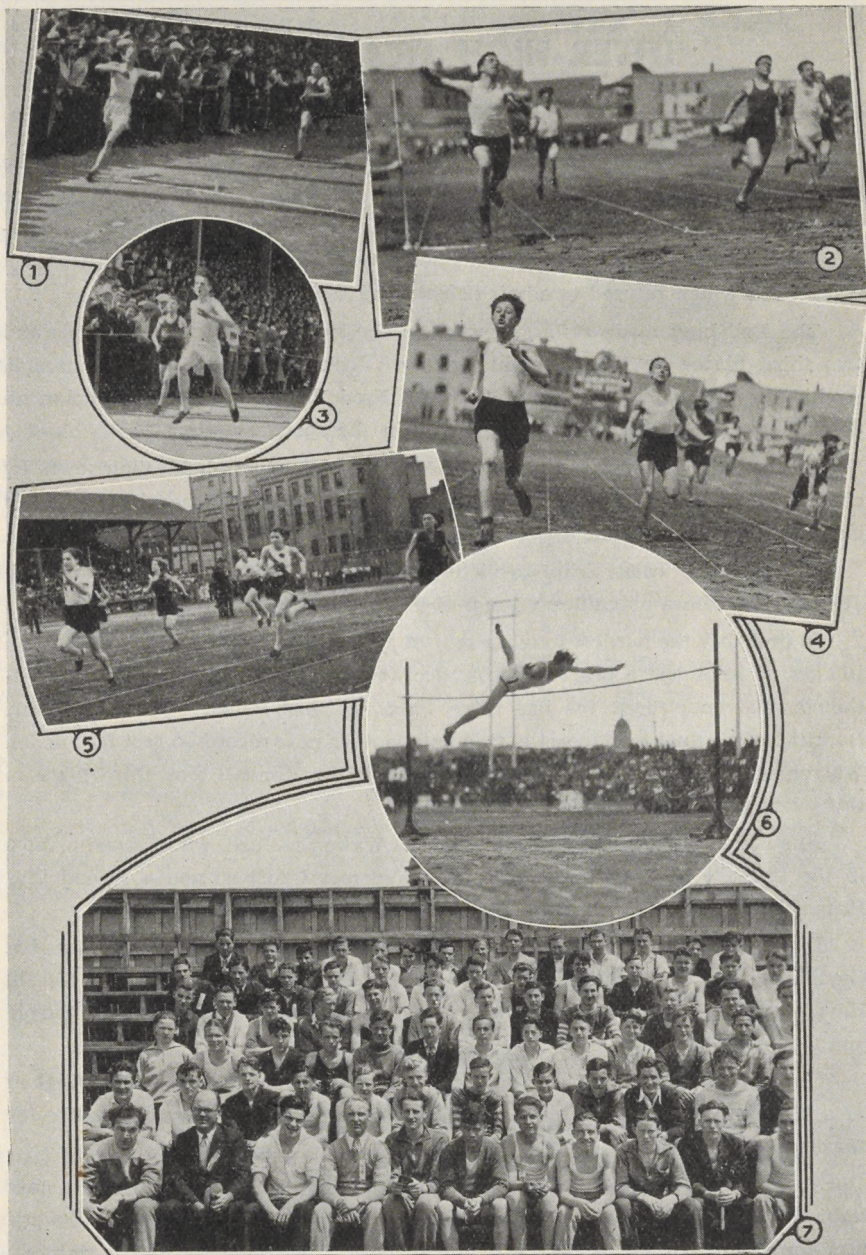


Photo courtesy of Manitoba Free Press and Winnipeg Tribune.

- (1) Bridgman running second in the Senior 220 yds.; (2) Bridgman in the Senior 100 yds.; (3) Sprange taking second place in the Primary 220 yds.; (4) Holloway forcing Kobrinsky in the Primary 100 yds.; (5) Girls' 75 yd. dash, Class C; (6) Carleton clearing 5 ft. 6 ins. in the Senior high jump; (7) Boys' Track Team.

INTER-HIGH TRACK MEET

CONGRATULATIONS to Kelvin on their victory on Field Day. In the greatest record breaking performance held since the inauguration of the Meet in 1916, Gordon Bell in their initial effort played a noble part. Somewhat handicapped by a small student body, Gordon Bell nevertheless fielded a track team which refused to admit defeat until the final event was won.

The Bell boys made a fine showing in the sprints, taking five seconds and two third places out of the eight events. Jack Holloway, Len McCullough, Archie Taylor, Doug. Bruce, Jack Sprange, Fred Woods, and Ray Bridgman all deserve credit for their splendid showing in the sprints.

In the High Jumping events "the G.B.'s" more than held their own by copping second and third places in the Primary class, first place in the Junior class, second place in the Intermediate, and second and third in the Senior.

Doug. McKay easily leapt to victory and a new record in the Junior High Jump event with a magnificent jump of 5 feet 6 inches. Well done, Doug.!

In probably the hardest fought event of all, Warren Carleton, our senior high jumper de luxe, lost a heart-breaking decision to J. Boratski of St. John's. Although Warren cleared the bar three times, he was fouled each time, while Boratski in his final leap took the title and another new record—5 feet 8½ inches. Warren will be co-holder of this new record. Tom Kendall took third place in this event when he cleared 5 feet 6 inches.

Another of our outstanding athletes was Wylie Spafford, who copped a third in the Primary Shot Put, with a heave of 36 feet 4 inches; and a second in a Primary High Jump, with a magnificent leap of 5 feet 4 inches.

Doug. Simpson took second place in the Intermediate High Jump, while Jim Coyle aided the cause with a third in the Primary Class. Les. Cohen and Gerald Harvey were other point winners who gave all they had for the good old "Purple and Gold."

Our Primary Shuttle Team gave the fans a real thrill when they streaked to a clean-cut victory and new record and garnered five valuable points for Gordon Bell.

Although space does not permit mentioning everyone individually, it is only right to congratulate every boy on the Track team, and to say that his work was appreciated by every person in the school.

And so, to the students of Gordon Bell in future years, we say: "CARRY ON" and strive by clean sportsmanship to bring home the title so narrowly won by Kelvin in 1933.

Gordon Bell Field Day

Gordon Bell Field Day proved a great success and a stiff competition between the Senior rooms 14 and 15 added to the interest of the meet. Special interest was shown in our High Jumpers, and for four very good reasons. These four reasons are: Wylie Spafford, Doug. McKay, Doug. Simpson and Warren Carleton, who are all capable of record breaking performances. In the Senior event Warren cleared 5 feet 10 inches, while Doug. Simpson did 5 feet 4 inches in the Intermediate final. Doug. McKay easily took the Junior title with a leap of 5 feet 7 inches, and Wylie Spafford caught Primary honors when he cleared 5 feet 2 inches. By winning the Primary High Jump, Broad Jump, Shot Put and Half Mile, Wylie Spafford won the individual championship of the school. Well done Wylie! Very few of the fans will soon forget the magnificent finish of the Junior half mile, when plucky Stewart Cumberland with a final dazzling burst of speed, overcame the big lead of Bill Edmondson, and then kept on to pass him, bare inches from the tape and win the race.

Other close finishes were seen in the Primary half mile, when W. Spafford nosed out Jerry Harvey, and in Junior half mile, won by Archie Whiteford after a brilliant finish. Special mention should also be made of the Sprint winners, Jack Holloway, Len. McCullough, Fred Wood, and Harold Purdy, who gave very brilliant performances, and also of George Horton, Ivan Phillips, and Les. Cohen, other fine athletes who showed to advantage. Although those mentioned above are all winners, they were pressed to the utmost by the second, third and fourth place men whom space does not permit us to mention. It is a certainty that some of these boys will be point winners at the Inter-High Track Meet. At the time of writing, Room 14 are the room leaders, being 3 points in front of Room 15, their only rivals. However, the running of the 220 yard dash may take the championship from Room 14.



Speed Skating

(Continued from page 34)

The Grade XI Boys were unfortunate in their race against St. John's Tech. and Daniel MacIntyre, but after a hard fight they managed to get second. Fred Wood's spectacular skating as last man certainly made this team a threat. The members were: Jack Holloway, Cockburn McCallum, Harry Badger and Fred Wood.

The success of these skaters should be sufficient incentive for those who succeed them. How long will Gordon Bell retain her three skating championships?

**SENIOR**

Back Row (left to right)—H. Woodworth, L. Grey, Bob Worthington, T. Didmon.
 Second Row—B. Stoneham, Mr. Gow, Mr. Warren, C. McCallum.
 Front Row—H. Tucker.

JUNIOR

Back Row (left to right)—S. Noble, R. Franklin, D. McKay, A. Robertson.
 Second Row—B. Gray, Mr. Gow, Mr. Warren, F. Brown.
 Front Row—G. Little, D. Best, J. Holloway.

Boys' Senior Basketball

THE SENIOR team, under the supervision of Mr. Gow and Art. Martin, and assisted by Mr. Warren, made great strides in the development of their game. The majority of the fellows were rather inexperienced, and this proved to be a great handicap in Inter-High competition. They progressed rapidly, however, and by the end of their schedule were playing a game that was a vast improvement over the beginning. The members of the team were all hard workers and worked well together. Although placed in some very discouraging positions they were always there, giving all they had.

Bill Stoneham (left guard), a steady, reliable man; Harry Tucker (right guard), Captain and an outstanding player; Tom Didmon (alt. guard), will be valuable next year; Bob Worthington (alt. guard), another prospect for next year; Cockburn McCallum (centre), his height was certainly effective; Howard Woodworth (alt. wing), a hard worker, reliable; Bud Horton (right wing), acquired the habit of scoring baskets; Lawrie Grey (left wing), a steady worker.

Boys' Junior Basketball

The Junior basketball team was by far the best team the school turned out (stated by one who knows). The basketball teams were under a big handicap, having to draw their material from inexperienced fellows, with the exception of a few, moulded together to form the Junior team. They were formerly chosen for the Primary team, but that league being dropped, they were drafted to the Junior league with a few slight changes. They were greatly outweighed in this class, but they bore the load magnificently. Although they did not win any games, they certainly deserved to win several times when they had exceedingly close scores.

The team was coached by Art Martin and managed by Mr. Gow, assisted by Mr. Warren. The captain was Donald Best. The team as a whole, played excellent basketball, and the outstanding players were: Angus Robertson (right guard), Don Best (left wing), Jack Holloway (centre), and Geo. Little (right wing).

The team will be hit fairly hard by graduation, but they will be replaced by those of Grade IX and X who are improving rapidly, and we trust they will shake the jinx of this year.

Athletes of Note

Harry Badger: It is not very often that a school is fortunate in possessing an all around athlete like Badger. Harry has proved his ability in all the major sports of the school and has become a popular favorite. Enthusiastic sport fans will remember his appearance on almost all the school teams. He was particularly in-evidence on the hockey team, but he was also on the football, rugby, skating, and track teams.

Jack Holloway: A good little man can compare with a big man any time. Jack is probably the smallest athlete in the school, but he was outstanding in the sports in which he participated. He is quite popular throughout the school and is very well liked for his good sportsmanship. Jack went out and earned a place on the school rugby team, the senior skating and the junior basketball teams, and we're looking forward to seeing him do something in the inter-high track meet.

Les. Cohen: Les. has had a very successful year in athletics and has done considerable in keeping Gordon Bell up to the other high schools. He skipped a rink to victory in the inter-high bonspiel and brought home a championship. He was a member of the school rugby team and has also secured a position with the school track team on which he will uphold the honor of the school in the intermediate shot put and the running broad jump. The best of luck Les.!

Archie Whiteford: Very few of Gordon Bell's rugby fans will forget the fearless tackling and splendid running of this "iron man" of the gridiron. On countless occasions Archie was called upon to practically stop the opposing team alone, and he never failed. For his sterling work this curly-headed athlete was awarded a position on the Manitoba All-Star Team. Archie then turned his attention to football and later to the track team, on both of which he served well.

Wylie Spafford: Gordon Bell might well be proud of their individual Field Day Champion, who took first place in no less than four events: Primary half mile, shot put, running broad jump and high jump. Besides being a star on track and field, Wylie took second place to no one on the school senior football team.

* * * * *

The Sports Council wishes to take this opportunity of expressing its sincere gratitude to the many persons who have aided our school in the athletic field during the present term.

First in the long list of supporters is our Principal, Mr. O. V. Jewitt, whose great interest and enthusiasm have pervaded the whole school. Nor can we forget the co-operation of Mr. D. S. McIntyre and Miss Craven, sports advisors, and the entire teaching staff. We would also like to thank Mr. Simms and outside coaches who generously assisted our various teams.

GIRLS SPORTS



Junior Basketball

The Junior Basketball team headed by their captain, Vange Howe, had a very good record this year. Although not winning, they put up a good showing and the school should be proud of them. They are greatly indebted to Miss Craven and Miss Hemphill, who with their co-operation and help, enabled them to show the rival schools their best ability. Each game was played in a very sportsman-like manner. The line up is : Vange Howe (captain), forward; Doris Perry, forward; Martha Horn, defence; Che Drover, defence; Margaret Hastings, forward; Marjorie Brown, forward; Lorna Esdale, forward; Olive Laing, defence.

Senior Basketball

The basketball players wish to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Hemphill. We sincerely appreciate her willing aid. Four out of six of our senior games were very keenly contested, but we had to bow to our fate when we came up against St. John's. These were the opponents who successfully carried off the long sought trophy. We offer our congratulations and hope it will be "their congratulations" next year.

Inter-Room Basketball

The Inter-room Basketball was won by Room 23 after very hard playing. Every room played well, but Room 23 was just a little better. The games were very exciting for the players and for spectators. Line up is: Martha Horn (captain), forward; Alexine McGarrol, forward; Jocelyn Campbell, forward; Olive Laing, defence; Beryl Richardson, defence; Ellen Vernon, forward; Ruby Pidgeon, forward; Margaret Thirlwell.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM
Back Row (left to right)—Doris Perry, Che Drover, Martha Horn, Olive Laing.
Front Row—Lorna Esdale, Evangeline Howe, Margaret Hastings, Marjorie Brown.

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM
Back Row—Frances Ostrom, Joyce Langton, Helen McLeod, Frances Howe, Gladys Pollard.
Front Row—Roberta Loutit, Kathleen Wright, Irene Walkey, Maude Lemon.

**SENIOR**

Back Row (left to right)—Helen McLeod,
Margaret Scott, Frances Ostrom, Joyce
Langton, Dorothy Sturrock.

Front Row — Kay Wright, Miss Craven,
Christine Weatherhead, Gladys Pollard.

JUNIOR

Back Row (left to right) — Jean Wright,
Gladys McPherson, Miss Craven, Alexine
McGarrol, Marjorie Sutherland.

Front Row—Margaret Hastings, Dorothy Orr,
Martha Horn, Doris Raven.

Senior Girls' Volleyball

Although our Senior Girls tried hard, they were not as successful in Volleyball as we had hoped they would be. They unfortunately lacked the strength of the other schools. They are to be congratulated, however, on their ability to lose with good grace and in a sporting manner.

Junior Volleyball

The Juniors made a very gallant attempt to capture the cup but did not succeed. They put up a good fight and kept rival school working hard to beat them. Well, better luck next year!

Girls' Inter-Room Field Day

Our inter-room field day was held on May 2nd, at Osborne Stadium. The chief purpose of the meet was to select those who would represent us in the inter-high field day. Room 13 headed the list with a total of 35½; Room 22 came second with a count of 22, and Room 23 third with 19½ points. The winners of the individual events were:

DASH**Group A**

Frances Ostrom
Dorothy Sturrock

Group B

Mona Sheld
Jocelyn Campbell

Group C

Irene Walkey
Ruby Pidgeon

Group D

Margaret Hastings
Norma Verner

HIGH JUMP**Group A**

Frances Ostrom
Dorothy Sturrock

Group B

Joyce Langton
Helen McLeod

Group C

Irene Walkey
Ruby Pidgeon

Group D

Margaret Hastings
Norma Verner

BALL THROW**Group A**

Eunice Qually
Violet Rainville

Group B

Alexine McGarrol
Ellen Vernon

Group C

Irene Walkey
Maud Lemon

Group D

Helen Halderson
Jean Wright

Best of luck you Bell athletes. We'll be backing you!



Girls' Inter-High Field Day

OUR INTER-HIGH Field Day was finally held on May 29th, at the Osborne Stadium, after having been postponed because of the unfavorable weather.

A great crowd turned out eager to cheer their school on to victory. Gordon Bell was well represented, and led by our cheerful cheer-leaders, Maud Lemon and Kay Wright, we sent the Bell Yell ringing out challengingly again and again across the field of battle.

The day was but half over, however, when it began to rain. The jumping pits were soon filled with water and the track with mud. In dismay contestants and spectators rushed for shelter. The field day was again postponed. The Year Book, however, could wait no longer for the final results.

The only girls' events which took place on the 29th were the 75-yard dash and the shuttles. Our entrants in A, B and C classes of the dash did not place, but in D class Margaret Hastings raced in second, and Norma Verner third. Luck was also against A, B, and C groups in the shuttles, but in D group we gained second place.

Stiff competition marked these events. Our girl entries had natural ability, but they lacked the experience and long training which is essential for perfection in any form of athletics. We admire and appreciate their school spirit, nevertheless, in turning out and doing their utmost for the school.



DRAMA



"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

THE DRAMATIC efforts of our school have always created great interest among the students of Gordon Bell and have been most loyally supported by everyone. They were both financial and artistic successes and reflect great credit on their producers, Mr. Snider, Miss Laidlaw and Miss McTavish, and on the school.

One of the plays chosen for production this season was Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Performances were given at the school, November 23rd, 24th, and 25th, to capacity audiences who evinced great interest in the splendid efforts of the well-chosen cast.

Sybil Zeal as "Hermia" and Lawrie Grey as "Bottom" literally "stole the show," while the rest of the cast played their parts most excellently and really deserved the hearty applause which they received.

The play was directed by Mr. Snider, Miss Laidlaw, and Miss McTavish, who devoted the greater part of their leisure time to training the players. Miss Argue trained the chorus, and Miss King directed the dancing, which received such favorable mention in the local newspapers. Miss Walker attended to the laborious duties of wardrobe mistress, while Norma Dow and Jean Robertson fulfilled the positions of accompanists. The School Orchestra under the direction of Mr. F. E. Hubble rendered a programme of fine music.



Back Row (left to right)—Edison Trott, Hugh Hawkins, Lawrence Gray, Douglas McKay, Warren Carleton, David Goldstein, Donald Furney, Craig Fraser.

Third Row—Betty Ann Boardman, Margaret Woolman, Helen Fraser, Lorna Esdale, Ivan Phillips, Harold Lorimer, Del Waeger, Mary McNulty, Sybil Zeal, Betty Moor.

Second Row—Bernice Hales, Margaret Ross, Jessie Ainge, Mr. Snider, Edna Reith, Florence Harris, Mary De Armand, Betty Morrison.

Front Row—Lenore Morgan, Beatrice Lawson, Dorothy Graham, Norma Verner, Ruth Fieldhouse.



Back Row (left to right)—Douglas Wilson, Bill Barnes, Alan Brinsmead, Jack Holloway.
 Second Row—Ruth Wellwood, Clara Barton, Alf. Holbrow, Eleanor Moor, Violet Harper.
 Front Row—Lillian Kay, Iva Withers, Georgene Findlay, Ruby Whiteman.
 Missing—Earle Simpson.

Dear Brutus

IN CONTRAST to the Shakespearian play presented in the early part of the year, the students played Sir J. M. Barrie's celebrated comedy "Dear Brutus" as the spring dramatic presentation. Capacity audiences attended and it was, in every way, a success. Miss Laidlaw, Miss McTavish and Mr. Snider were again responsible for this.

The story of "Dear Brutus" is an interesting one. Although it bears a moral, Barrie's delightful deftness of touch and lightness cause us to forget that we are being taught a lesson. The action of the play is simple. Several people are gathered together with but one characteristic in common, they all wish a "second chance" at life. This they get through the wiles of "Lob," a quaint little fellow, who seems a modern "Puck." He makes them all go into the wood on Midsummer's Eve. Here they obtain their second chance. They all return to the house in due time, still under the influence of the magic wood. One by one they wait until the true state of affairs. Each has learned a lesson and has a future in which to make amends. And so Barrie drops the curtain with the famous line: "The fault, Dear Brutus, lies not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings."

The artistic effects such as lighting and scenery were carefully looked after and in this way the play was assisted materially. The production of "Dear Brutus" marked an advance in school dramatics. Also for the first time teachers and students have diverged from the beaten track of Shakespeare and musical productions to present a fully modern play of note. This year's dramatic work at Gordon Bell is likely to be an example for the future.



The Orchestra

GORDON Bell's orchestra, comprising some thirty students, has been fortunate in acquiring F. E. Hubble, a musician of note, as conductor. Mr. Hubble has done very fine work with the orchestra, his artistic ability being reflected in the performance given by it.

The work for this season has been chosen from the first volume of the Fox "Old Masters' Folio," and from Programme Three, series one of the "Symphony Series of Orchestral Selections." The former contains such musical gems as "Liebestraum," Schubert's immortal "Unfinished Symphony," "Chanson Sans Paroles" of Tschaiakowsky, the "Minuet" from Haydn's "Military Symphony," and many other famous compositions. From the "Symphony Series," two test-pieces for the Manitoba Musical Competition Festival have been selected for study. These are the beautiful and melodic "The Swan" of Camille Saint-Saens, and in sharp contrast, the "Prelude" from the "Arlesienne Suite No. 1," composed by Georges Bizet. These two last mentioned selections will be played in "the festival," into which Mr. Hubble has entered the orchestra in several classes.

The orchestra has led a very secluded existence, appearing publicly on but three occasions. These appearances were diversions in the long period of training and practice. They also afforded students an opportunity to hear the work which has been done. To conclude, the orchestra has completed a most successful year under the direction of Mr. Hubble's talented baton, and has, let us hope, received no little enjoyment from its work with the finest of the classics.



Top Row (left to right)—Roger Knipe, Douglas Simpson, Bill Barnes, Harold Lorimer, Frances Connor, Archie Jamieson, Jean Robertson, Leon Katz, Orville Marty.
 Second Row—Bob Harrison, Claude Brereton, Bill Lawson, Jeffrey Baker, Bernard Knipe, Aaron Vozel, Ronald McFarlane, Averd Friar, Bill Dempsey, Henry Reichert.
 Front Row—Pauline Law, Margaret Agnew, Margaret Lennox, Eleanor Ward, Mr. Hubble, Beatrice Felstead, Beatrice Lawson, Ruth Friar, Asa Kristjansson.



Back Row (left to right)—Norm Matheson, Alfred Holbrow, Ivan Phillips, Warren Carleton, Harold Lorimer, Mac Stewart, Stewart McFarlane.
 Fourth Row—Munroe Green, Leslie Cohen, Jack Holloway, Cecil Fenton, Lawrie Gray, Frank Syme, Neil Campbell, Douglas McKay, Allan Brinsmead, Archie Whiteford, Harry Badger, Don Furney, Howard Mullin.
 Third Row—Willena McMillan, Allison Gordon, Che Drover, Violet Harper, Clara Barton, Audrey Dickie, Gabrielle Anderson, Geraldine Scott, Palmi Kristjansson, Norah Mansell, Norma Dow, Jim King, Leslie Steadman.
 Second Row—Margaret Davis, Iva Withers, Eleanor Murray, Doris Creighton, Dorothy Dingle, Betty Riddell, Miss Argue, Nan Flanders Clarice Martin, Jean Woodside, Betty Williams, Hazel Buchanan, Ellen Sibbald, Del Weager.
 Front Row—Ruth Fieldhouse, Elaine Wood, Ruth Flanders, Marguerite McFadyen, Peggy Esau, Allison Warner, Beatrice Felstead, Helen Thomson, Ina Pearen.

The Mixed Choir

WHEN the number of classes in the Manitoba Musical Festival was being increased this year it was decided to include a class for Junior Mixed Choirs if sufficient entries were received. This was the origin of the Gordon Bell Mixed Choir.

Mr. Snider trained the male section, and Miss Argue the girls', until the choir was ready to work as whole. It was then placed under the baton of Miss Argue. Since that time the choir has progressed both quickly and favorably. Miss Argue has managed to draw out of the group the feeling and shading that add so much color to music. This last is probably due to Miss Argue's rather free conducting, which is very effective. One is reminded of Bernard Naylor's expressive hands.

The two test-pieces provide a sharp contrast in several ways. The first, "O Grief E'en on the Bud," has a largo tempo; while the other, "The Laughing Song," is allegretto. The latter is a gay lilting melody; while the former may almost be termed a lament, having a slow-moving and sustained melody and rather heavy harmony, which is reminiscent at times of an organ. Both test-pieces were arranged by Ronald Gibson.

The choir numbers some thirty members and has a record of never having been caught off pitch in its existence! It will enter "the Festival" with Miss Argue conducting, and it is our opinion that the choir that can equal or excel it will be nothing short of excellent.



The Girls' Choir

GORDON BELL has always been renowned for its fine choral work. The first principal of the school, Mr. Beckett, saw to it that this should be a feature of our school life. He himself conducted a large chorus for several years and did much to create a fine tradition in this phase of our work. This year again, under the able direction of Miss Argue, choral singing has continued to occupy the interest of the students.

The Girls' Chorus of about one hundred voices is practising diligently for the Musical Festival competition and splendid progress is being made with the two test numbers, "The Silver Swan," by Orlando Gibbons, and "Spring," by Gustav Holst. It has been fortunate in securing the assistance of four of its members, Joyce Cassidy, Janet Leggett, Norma Dow and Nora Mansell as accompanists at the many rehearsals.

At a fine performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," eighteen of our girls sang the music and danced in the various ballets. Their work was very charming and they were asked to repeat it at the Teachers' Convention during Easter week. On the invitation of Knox Sunday School, Miss Argue took a chorus of fifty voices and presented a programme of Easter Carols at their Easter rally.

The girls of the chorus appreciate the artistry of their very zealous conductor, Miss Argue, and give her of their best in loyalty and devotion.



Back Row (left to right)—Roger Knipe, Frank Syme, Warren Carleton, Russell Scorer, Fred Iverson, Clair Leatherdale, Maurice Montgomery, Bill Stoneham, Gordon Riley, Munroe Green.
 Third Row—Bob Waylett, Bill Rutherford, Stewart MacFarlane, Mac Stewart, Leslie Cohen, Harry Badger, Lawrie Grey, Douglas MacKay, Dan Furnie, Harry Tucker.
 Second Row—Tom Kendall, Archie Whiteford, Bob Ward, Harold Gauer, Alfred Holbrow, Ivan Phillips, Fred Woods, Neil Campbell, Bill Boivin, Jack Knight, Cecil Fenton.
 Front Row—Norman Matheson, George Horton, Alan Brinsmead, Leslie Steadman, Jean Robertson, Gordon Matheson, Jim King, Gordon Hicks, Harold Lorimer.

The Male Voice Choir

THE MALE Voice Choir, first organized of the Gordon Bell choral activities, is under the direction of Mr. Snider. In the early part of the year, Mr. Snider tested individually the boys' voices, and thus selected his choir. Work was begun immediately, but progress in this section has been slow.

The choir was working against several difficulties which Mr. Snider has overcome patiently. About sixty voices composed the group at first, but gradually this number was reduced to thirty. Interest was lacking at the commencement of the season, there seeming to be two distinct groups present, those who wished to work, and those who could, but considered the choir an amusement. Slowly the various points retarding progress were cleared up, and the choir began to shape well.

Practically all the work has dealt with selections quick in tempo. "The Licolnshire Poacher," and old English folk song, was first to be studied. Upon this and other selections, work was based until the test pieces for the Festival were available. One of these, "The Emigrant," a poem by R. L. Stevenson, set to music, has been excluded from the Festival, but the remaining selection is a unison song, and Mr. Snider, assisted occasionally by Mr. Hubble (who may take the choir into the Festival), concentrated upon this.

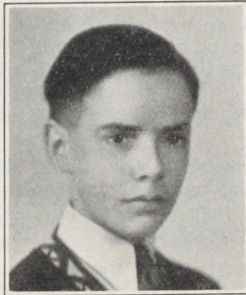
For several weeks prior to the Festival, the choir was divided into groups of two for intensive study. Mr. Snider's thorough methods are reflected in this. Hence, when Gordon Bell's choir opposed that of St. John's in this class in the Festival, the choir was well trained. Mr. Snider can be thanked for this.

LITERARY

Foreword

An essential portion of the school curriculum is the fostering and encouragement of literary endeavor by the students. Therefore, a "Short Story and Poem Competition" was held in conjunction with the Year Book. It was announced that outside judges would be secured, but unfortunately this was impossible.

Accordingly, a group of impartial teachers offered to judge the stories and poems. Following the poems is a brief summing-up of the quality of the stories and poems handed in. It is by Miss Laidlaw.



"The Passerby"

By LOVELL CLARKE

IT WAS an early autumn evening. I sat at the window of a London coffee shop. I had been ill for some time, but was now convalescing, and felt at peace with the world in general. Only one thing remained to mar my happiness, and that was the lack of funds.

Finally I laid aside the newspaper which I had been reading and began to watch the throngs which now packed the fast-darkening street.

It was one of the busiest streets of London, and as it was about six o'clock, it was filled with people of all descriptions—noblemen, business men, clerks, tradesmen, pick-pockets, gamblers, invalids and beggars. With all these different classes of people passing in front of me, it is not unnatural that I began to watch them and observe everyone with growing interest. Some were dressed flashily, some ornately, and others shabbily. Some walked briskly, some moderately, and others as slowly as if they were entirely oblivious of their surroundings. No less interesting were their faces, which I was now able to observe, the street lamps having been lit. Their characters were clearly stamped on their features, and their habits in their carriage. The slouch of the gambler and the hang-dog look of the cheap crook belied them at once, and I wondered how they could ever be mistaken for anything but what they were.

Suddenly my attention was drawn to an elderly man who walked as though he had some definite purpose. His clothes had been fine in their day but were now threadbare. Upon observing him more closely I saw that he was not so poverty-stricken as I had supposed, for in his hand was an ebony-colored, gold-mounted walking stick. What could a beggar be doing with a gold-mounted walking stick? Somehow the walking stick did not seem in keeping with his clothes. This thought and his strangeness and purposeful look at once aroused my curiosity, and I was seized by one of those impulses which come over every individual at some time or other. Hurriedly taking my hat and coat, I ran from the shop and dashed after him. For what exact reason I do not know. I simply resolved that I would follow him until I had discovered his business, not that I am usually of a curious nature, but in this case I felt justified.

I wore rubbers and thus the sound of my padding feet did not attract his attention. The crowds were now thinning out, and consequently I had little trouble in keeping him in view from a sufficient distance behind. Finally, he turned down a narrow street and then began to take such devious routes that I am unable to recount them, as I was not familiar with the streets of that wonderful city. His travels took him, or us I should say, down several alleys, some of them so dark and foreboding that I was almost minded to give up my foolish intentions and return home. I did not, however, but kept determinedly on my way, hoping that my efforts would be brought to a successful conclusion. What sort of conclusion I did not know, rather let us say that I hoped my evening would not prove uneventful.

Finally my meditations were brought to an end by a distinct change in the behaviour of my man. Up to now he had been walking with a bent back, so hunched that he would ordinarily have excited pity. Now he straightened up and walked with head erect, but only along deserted streets. We now entered one of the important business streets on which there were few people at this hour.

Now my curiosity was aroused to the fullest degree, for I was positive that the object of my attentions was bent on some unlawful business. His fast walk brought him to a large jewellery store, which I knew to be one of the most prominent in the city. He stopped in front of it.

At this moment I was startled by the booming of a nearby clock, which proclaimed the hour of nine. At the same moment I leapt back into the shadow of some buildings on my right and began to watch the man whose intentions were becoming clearer. Was he a crook after all? I thought I knew the look of the breed, but had not seen any trace of such a nature in his face. Instead, he looked like one to be respected. Finding no answer to my question, but knowing it would answer itself in the next few minutes, I drew further back and watched him with growing excitement.

The stranger now took a shiny instrument from his pocket and began to make an incision in the glass of the shop. Up to this moment, the thought of a policeman had not entered my head; now I had looked around, but in vain. I have always been of a timid nature, having never distinguished myself in the paths of bravery, and therefore, I must be forgiven if I did not take the course most citizens would have taken. My lack of courage, however, did not deter me from at least trying to bring about the capture of this man. It would be comparatively easy, I thought, to follow him to his rendezvous, and thus bring him to justice.

The stranger by this time having removed most of the expensive gems in the window, set off at his same brisk, yet unhurried walk. I waited for a few seconds and then ran silently after him, bobbing in and out of doorways so as to keep concealed as much as possible. This continued for quite a while, the street being a long one. Suddenly my man turned down an alley. I ran with all my speed, rounded the corner—but he had disappeared. I was heartily discouraged and was contemplating what to do next when I was roughly seized from behind. To my dismay it was a policeman.

"Nearly got away, eh?" he said. "You didn't have a chance. I was watching you all the time."

Horrified at this condemnation, I protested, and continued my protestations for several blocks, the officer saying nothing but bundling me along all the while in an exceedingly rough manner. Finding that he would not listen to me, I cursed him for the blundering fool he was and resigned myself to my fate.

Fifteen minutes' walk brought us to the police station, where began the most nerve-racking experience I have ever undergone. It was a virtual third degree. First one would ask a question, then before I could answer another would start. Indeed their object seemed to be to confuse me so that my answers were of absolutely no value to them. When I attempted to protest against this treatment I received a well directed blow on the head.

After an hour or so of this useless procedure, I was consigned to a bare cell until further information was unearthed.

The coming of the next day brought with it more questioning and finally my release from prison on insufficient evidence. One would suppose that I would have been glad to get out of this escapade unharmed, but on the contrary. My ardor was heightened and I determined that I would track the thief to his hideout. My interest was increased, too, by the offer of a reward to the person who apprehended the thief. It was a considerable amount and nobody needed it more than I did.

There being nothing else to do in the afternoon, I retraced my steps to the alley down which the culprit had turned. This alley was crossed by another. One branch of the latter led to the main street and the other into the slums. Since it was unlikely that he would show himself on a main street, I took the one which led in the other direction. After a good deal of thinking and no little deduction, my wanderings brought me to a vacant house which stood at the end of an obscure lane. I was positive that it was the one he must have entered, if any. I searched it, but found nothing. The stranger had planned his retreat well.

Having thus come to a blank wall and having gathered practically no clues, I returned home. An interval of about two weeks passed. By that time I had almost forgotten my adventure, my mind being occupied in the meantime with business affairs.

Another week passed, and having a little time at my disposal, I sat reflecting on the incident which came to my mind. I pictured every detail trying to make things fit, but with little success. My interest became greater the longer I thought upon the gold mounted walking stick! It couldn't be mistaken. I resolved at once to start again my search for the thief.

The first snow fall had covered the city. I was walking home after a hard day's work and was in the midst of the crowd which I had observed so closely a month or so previously. I walked with my hands in my coat pockets and my head bent. I was in a pensive mood, and heard neither the bustle of the crowd nor the traffic. I was aroused by an object which passed in front of my eyes. It was a gold mounted walking stick. Expectantly I looked up. It was not he. Instead it was a young man of medium height with lank fair hair. He did not in the least resemble the one I had expected it to be.

A fortnight passed. I was at a party which was being held by the proprietor of the same jewellery store I had seen robbed. I had never been introduced to him, having come to the party only at a friend's invitation. The owner was none other than the young man I had seen before. We shook hands. My suspicions were immediately aroused. My hopes arose accordingly, but fell at the same moment. A jeweller robbing his own store! Perfectly ridiculous! Try as I would, I could find no further clue. I pondered upon these things for the rest of the evening, but it was not until I was leaving that I got any nearer the solution. The umbrellas had been placed in the hall, and among them was the gold-mounted walking stick. Upon examining it I was sure that it was the one I had seen in the hands of the stranger.

When I climbed into bed that night the clock had begun to strike twelve. At the sound of the last stroke I sat up in bed, the sweat pouring off me. What was the solution? I realized that I would have no rest until I had found it. I began to regret that I had ever followed the stranger. What trouble I had brought upon myself! Like a monster the question pursued me, day and night, hounding me relentlessly, deeper and deeper in to the problem until I came, as always, to the same blank wall.

At last being unable to stand the strain any longer I went to a close friend, hoping that he would be able to help me. I had always had confidence in him, and though the possibility was remote, something might be made of the mystery.

He listened attentively to my tale. I told him of the stranger and of my suspicions. When I had finished, he chuckled, much to my annoyance.

"I can't see anything funny in what I have told you," I said frowning. "If that is all the help you can give me, I might as well go." With that I began to take my hat and coat off the desk.

"Wait a minute, Martin," said my friend, "I am sorry if I have annoyed you, but the solution is quite simple. If you had read the newspaper more carefully you would have solved your mystery at once."

"What is the solution?" my anger entirely forgotten.

"Simply this. Our jeweller, Mr. Smith, finds that he is on the verge of bankruptcy. What does he do? He disguises himself, but makes one bad mistake."

"The gold mounted walking stick!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly," said my friend. "He then robs his own store."


"Ridiculous!" I said contemptuously.

"Not so. If you reflect you will see why."

"But what could he hope to gain?"

"The insurance," was the simple answer.

It was the following day. Again I was in the best of health. The past twenty-four hours had been very eventful, for in that twenty-four hours I had been made the recipient of a sum, small, but more than sufficient to pay the expenses of my convalescence. It is sufficient to say that the jeweller was brought to justice. He had played a clever game but lost, all because of a gold-mounted walking stick—and my curiosity.



"It Happened Like This"

By STAFFORD WILSON

MIDNIGHT. The huge Waverley Mansion stood dark and forbidding at the very end of the fashionable Willow Park Drive. It had been reported in the local paper two days previously that its owner, Sir James Waverley, and his family, had left for a six months' vacation in England; and now the splendid old mansion stood silent and spectre-like amid its thickly wooded grounds. The huge elms and oaks waved silently in the cool night air, while the mist settled like a protective blanket over the empty walks and their ornamental shrubs and flower beds.

Suddenly the bushes on the north side of the house moved startlingly. From above a small bush was seen what at first appeared to be a crudely colored half-moon. Closer examination, however, proved it to be no such exalted thing, but merely the patched seat of the working trousers of "Happy" Madigan, who was at the time creeping stealthily towards the mansion.

Now, "Happy" Madigan was a gentleman at heart, and a good Samaritan in his own way. For instance, if anyone had any excess valuables lying around the house, "Happy" would obligingly see that they were put in a safe place—to his own commercial advantage. There were several drawbacks in "Happy's" helpfulness, and one of them was the fact that most of the valuables put away were wanted, and not really excess at all. There was also the fact that "Happy" made all the profit on the riddance of these valuables. At the present moment the gracious Mr. Madigan was busily engaged in attempting to do the owner of the great house a favor, in the form of some relief work on the famed Waverley family jewels. He was now doing his best to gain access to the house without attracting the attention of the bothersome minions of the law. The latter had too often put a crimp into the plans of the obliging gentleman, and had caused him to have his hair cropped and to undergo a long rest before resuming his helpful operations.

In his hand Mr. Madigan carried a small black bag, wherein he kept his surgical instruments, used for operating on obstinate and unyielding windows. The half-moon portion of "Happy's" pants, the huge black and white patch which covered nearly the whole of the seat of his nether garment acted, unknown to him, as a glaring beacon. Cautiously the intruder started for the mansion on his hands and knees through the shrubbery, until at last he reached his destination—the scullery window. Here there was a slight pause while the window was forced open with the aid of a jimmie. The bag was set on the sill and the checkered beacon was again outlined in the black night, followed by "Happy's" legs as he crawled through the small aperture. The good Samaritan landed with a slight thump in a heap upon the floor, and having adjusted himself, lowered the bag to the floor and cautiously shut the window. He began a little reconnoitering of his own. Walking hurriedly through the huge kitchen to what appeared to be the door of the hall leading to the main dining-room, he was pulled up sharply as he ran smack into solid wall in the breakfast room. He quickly recovered, however, and by reversing his direction managed to reach the door for which he was searching. As he entered the large dining-room, his blood froze and his knees felt weak and shaky. There, in a chair, sat someone in a full dress suit! For a second, "Happy" could not move. He stood and stared at the black and white object in the chair until, growing a little bolder, he took a few steps forward. From his new position he saw, to his immense relief, nothing more dangerous than a full dress suit thrown carelessly across the back of a chair. He took off his oddly-matched and patched attire, flung it on the floor and donned the classical suit which seemed to have been specially provided to replace his shabby garments. Mr. Madigan glanced disdainfully at his old apparel lying in disgrace upon the floor, and picking it up, he continued his tour of inspection of the ground floor of the mansion. When he came to the luxurious drawing-room, with all its beautiful furnishings, the fireplace attracted his attention. It inspired him with a desire to cast the old suit, beacon and all,

into its yawning mouth. This he proceeded to do, but not without assuring himself of its destruction, with the aid of a lighted match. As the embers of the discarded clothes were dying out, he distinctly heard a scratching sound in one of the other rooms. Somewhere in the house a window was being opened, but where, he knew not. And now, startled and thoroughly worried, "Happy" walked silently into the main hall and stood in waiting for the visitor.

The noise which was heard by Mr. Madigan was none other than the entry of Reginald Allington-Smith, another gentleman with taking ways. Reginald considered himself a handsome and dashing chevalier of the Robin Hood type, robbing from the rich and giving to the poor. The one flaw in Reggie's idea of likening himself to that historical character was his view that the poor meant Allington-Smith, and that to him only should be given. The gallant Reginald was dressed in his customary smart business suit, with a carnation in his button-hole and a soft grey felt hat upon his head. He stood quietly in the study of the Waverley Mansion, and then for a brief second, proceeded slowly along the wall.

As Mr. Madigan came forward to meet the invader, Mr. Allington-Smith came to the door of the study and stepped boldly into the hall. There followed two resounding thumps, accompanied by two agonized grunts as Messrs. Allington-Smith and Madigan sat down heavily on the floor, propelled by the force of their collision. The two sat and glared at each other through the darkness, both breathing heavily. Mr. Madigan was the first to recover and regain his feet. He quickly decided upon a plan for the frustration and immediate removal of this porch-climber from his rightful "game." The porch-climber, however, was not easily beaten, and he too formed a plan for the speedy exit of his adversary. As the brilliant "Happy" flashed on the lights with a dignified "Humph!" Reginald surprised that individual by using the very words which Mr. Madigan himself had intended to use.

"Why . . . why," he said thunderously, "what are you doing in my house?"

"Your house?" exploded the enraged "Happy," "this is my house!"

"Why man you're crazy," vehemently declared Reginald, "I am Sir James Waverley, and this is my house." As he said this he drew himself up to his full regal height of five feet three and one-half inches. This show of braggadocio did not deter the determined Mr. Madigan from his purpose. He had the chances of some good "swag" and he was not going to lose them through any meddling sneak-thief such as this insignificant runt. He, in turn, stretched himself and puffed out his chest, sixty-six inches of sham indignation and bluff.

"I'll call the police and have you arrested if you don't get out of my house," he roared at the now doubtful Mr. Allington-Smith. The bluffer made no motions to carry out his threat and Reggie quickly regained his composure. Hadn't he read that Mr. James Waverley was vacationing in England? Somehow he knew that this man was just a low-bred cat burglar.

"Well," he said haughtily, "the fact that my house has been broken into by a burglar will not stop me from having my midnight snack." He thought that this nonchalance on his part would show his opponent that Reginald Allington-Smith was by far the smarter of the two, and walking into the kitchen, feeling as important as possible under the circumstances, he began searching for the light switch. He managed to find it only after journeying the length of the kitchen on the wrong side of the doorway. His glaring error filled him with uncertainty and Mr. Madigan with confidence.

"I think I'll have a chop tonight. Would you mind joining me, sir?" Reginald felt very humiliated at the idea of addressing such an inferior being as "sir." However, he felt that he simply must do it to keep up his lordly manners in his masquerade as Sir James Waverley, and with these words he strolled nonchalantly to the frigidaire and opened one of its many doors.

"Hang it all!" thought he, "why must it have been the wrong one?" Not to be outdone Mr. Madigan staked all on his luck and sprang forward.

"This is the door," he said with assurance. And so it was. Again Mr. Allington-Smith began to have his doubts.

"I'll get a frying pan for you," offered "Happy" as he strolled over to the scullery and opened a cupboard. He was wrong.

"Don't trouble yourself 'Mr. Waverley'," ironically responded Reggie as he luckily chanced upon the right cupboard and withdrew from its spacious interior a huge, iron frying pan and placed it on the stove. The two chops were placed in it, and Reginald, now full of confidence, turned on a burner. Alas! It was the wrong one. Not completely discouraged, he tried another. That also was the wrong one. Now the enterprising "Happy" decided to cast his luck to the mercy of the Fates. He too was wrong! Undaunted by his earlier failures, Reggie tried again. Failure! Madigan in the meantime had bent down and was busily reading the names under the switches.

"Ah! This is it," he asserted and finally turned on the right one. Flustered with this success, the pesky "relief man" went one further.

"I'll get some plates," he proffered, and turned to get them. There was a thump and a grunt. He turned around like a flash to see Allington-Smith in the grasp of a burly assailant who was certainly the better man and was fast lulling Reggie to sleep by thumping the heroic one's head on the floor with considerable force. Rushing to the stove, Madigan grasped the great frying pan and struck with all his force the bald pate of the huge one. It was the best "relief" job ever engineered by "Happy" Madigan. Reggie's assailant dropped like a log to the floor. "Happy" stooped down to help the groggy Allington-Smith to his feet and left him swaying on his members while he bent down once more to pick up Reggie's soft felt and place it on his own head. Running as fast as he could, while supporting his dazed comrade in trouble, Madigan made for the scullery. Arriving at his destination he picked Reginald up by the seat of his trousers and the scruff of his neck, hoisted him up on to the window sill, and gave him a push. He then clambered up himself, and holding tightly to his black bag, leaped to the ground.

The retainer of the mansion regained consciousness a few moments later and ran to the window. There, in the moonlight, were the figures of "Happy" Madigan and Mr. Reginald Allington-Smith, racing off through the night with their coat-tails flying.

Although the local newspaper had reported that Sir James Waverley had left for a six months' vacation in England, it had not explained that their butler had been left behind to guard the house.

POETRY

1st PRIZE



Dream Ships

By IRIS RUTHERFORD

At even tide when the world's at rest,
From a port of mystic hue,
A beautiful ship comes sailing
O'er waves of rippling blue.

Its decks are a-gleam with silver,
Its masts are wrought of gold,
Each swaying sail of moonbeams
made,
Hangs glistening fold on fold.

It's the ship of dreams embarking
Till misty dawn breaks through,
Carrying on board its cargo
Of wonderful dreams come true.

2nd PRIZE

The Storm

By ALISON WARNER

The air seemed foreboding, we heard
the gulls cry

As clouds gathered o'er us and dark-
ened the sky.

The wind moaned and whistled
through forests of trees,

The waters around were disturbed by
the breeze.

Each bird felt uneasy and flew to its
nest,

For a mist was approaching from out
of the West;

It came rapidly nearer, the sky dark-
er grew,

The storm burst upon us! The wind
wildly blew!

Great oaks and tall pine trees crashed
to the ground,

Waves lashing the rocks seemed to
echo the sound!

'Neath the force of the rain the earth
trembled with fear,

The roar of the thunder was awful
to hear.

The storm soon abated, the dark
clouds rolled by,

The sun struggled forth and bright-
ened the sky,

Again the birds sang and all heaven
was gay,

But the havoc below lasted many a
day.

The Late-Room

By MAUREEN CAMPBELL

There's something about a red-brick school
That makes one long for the open air,
To be out from under the teachers' rule,
With never a thought and never a care.

When it looms up big before you
And the bell re-echoes its chime,
You think "Do I really have to go—
What's the use when I'm not on time?"

For the general rule of Gordon Bell
Is an hour at four for a minute late,
And so "Better late than never"
Is now "Better never than late."

The teachers stern their vigil keep
O'er the victims in their power,
And every teacher takes his turn
In the "Late-Room" for an hour.

When you think of the hour before you go,
That one long hour of work,
You wish you didn't have to go,
But it will be two hours if you shirk.

So with footsteps ever-lagging
To Room Three you wend your way,
And with the others who were late
For an hour there you stay.



Judges' Comments

The judges of the Short Story and Poetry Competition or 1933 feel somewhat reluctant to express an opinion concerning the quality of the material submitted. Considering the number of pupils in the school, surprisingly few entered either stories or poems. It is to be hoped that a much larger entry will feature next year's contest.

With regard to the stories, the judges felt that the average story submitted was hardly of a standard worthy of High School students. There was a tendency to the "blood and thunder" type which too often tempts the amateur writer. The result, in most cases, is a cheap unwieldy mass of detail, lacking style and cohesion.

Of the story which won first place, "The Passerby," by Lovell Clarke, it may be said that the judges found no difficulty in fixing upon it as their unanimous choice. It is written in a pleasantly discursive style. The plot is good and is worked up to a satisfactory climax. The story has atmosphere, which means that the reader re-lives the various happenings.

Second place was awarded "It Happened Like This," by Stafford Wilson. It has flashes of style of another variety. The characters are fascinating in their

(Continued on page 58)

Dr. Gordon Bell

IN THE WORLD of today a great number of our finest public institutions are named after great public-service men—men who have rendered significant services to the community in medical, scholastic or political lines—men who have left something behind which will benefit future generations.

Hence, in our city we have all our schools named after famed citizens of the past. Perhaps one of the best known is our own, named after Dr. Gordon Bell, a man well known for his tireless endeavors in the interests of public welfare and the advance of medical science. It is gratifying that, since our school was named after this marvellous doctor, the "powers that be" have seen fit to raise the status of this institute of learning from that of a Junior High School to a High School proper, which means that in it will be laid the foundations of many a medical career, which will perhaps, be as notable as that of Gordon Bell himself.

Dr. Gordon Bell was born on May 22nd, 1863, the son of John and Mary Ann (Wright) Bell. He was educated at Pembroke Collegiate Institute, and then was sent to the University of Toronto, where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1886. After much hard work at the University of Manitoba he received his M.D. and C.M. degrees. A few years later, after further study, he commenced practising his profession in Winnipeg.

The name of Dr. Gordon Bell soon came to be quite famous, not only in medical circles, but also through all sections of the city, for he shared his profound knowledge with associates, gave unstintingly of his knowledge to his profession, and ministered to rich and poor alike, irrespective of race, color, or creed.

He specialized in pathology and bacteriology and knew so much about these branches of medical science that his word was final in anything pertaining to these two sciences. In order to enlarge his store of knowledge, he took a post-graduate course at Vienna, where he chiefly studied the eyes. As a matter of fact, his thirst for knowledge was so great that it often took him away from his practise, and finally induced him to stop practising.

Dr. Gordon Bell died in Winnipeg, mourned by all classes and especially the medical world. His death was a national calamity. Canada, and especially Winnipeg, lost a citizen whose influence for good will long be felt and whose sincere efforts in relieving the sufferings of the sick will be forever remembered.

A fitting tribute to such a great man is to have a school named after him—an institution where all his ideals of humanity and benevolence will be taught to the future citizens of Canada. As for those of us in this school, his life and the principles for which he stood should be an inspiration and a guide to every Gordon Bell student.

Judges' Comments

(Continued from page 57)

tendency to be "different." The plot, however, is somewhat weak from a structural standpoint.

The poems were more uniform in quality, and it was not quite as easy to decide upon the winners. "Dream Ship," by Iris Rutherford, seemed more poetically inspired than the majority, and was deemed worthy of first place. "The Storm," by Allison Warner, is also good poetically, and ranks second.

It is the earnest desire of the judges that Gordon Bell students, in the years to come, will foster a keener and more active interest in the Short Story and Poetry Competition.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE



Importance of Home Economics

THE HANDS should be the great art servants of the mind. The training of the hands always reacts upon the growing mind of a child. With this truth to guide us, it is easy to see why Household Arts and Domestic Science should hold a very important place in our school curriculum. It matters not what vocation in life a girl may choose, she should be equipped with the knowledge and ability to manage her own personal and household affairs.

In Domestic Science a girl is given every opportunity to use her own initiative in the planning and carrying out of balanced meals, correct and attractive table-setting, and service. Psychologists tell us that the attractive arrangement of the food, served with spotless linen and glistening glass, will increase the digestibility of the food. The study of food values teaches a girl to be more economical in planning meals, avoiding waste, and providing all the nutrition that is necessary on a definite budget. The actual cooking of different dishes that make up the various courses in a meal gives a girl the practical experience that is essential to make cooking for her what it really is—one of the finest creative arts.

The study of Household Arts holds many opportunities for creative genius and provides an all-around development of one's sense of line, color and design, with the tactile skill in developing original ideas. In clothing classes two girls may start with the same pattern for a frock, but the finished garments will present quite different appearances, each girl having worked into her dress some of her own individuality. That "the hand is the executive organ of the body" is truly shown in this department when a girl skillfully assembles her articles of clothing to make a perfect ensemble. The girls learn that the smallest detail is important; the basting, stitching, and pressing of a single seam may make or mar a frock. She also learns the essentials of correct dress, the suitability of a costume for each and every occasion. Today, when accessories play such an important part, she takes great enjoyment in varying her costume. One pattern for one costume, plus two blouses, equals two costumes—that's the way of Spring fashions.

Thrift is displayed also in millinery by making the ever popular beret, the new Fez, or Watteau hat, from odds and ends left over from their dresses, suits or coats.

The textile course in Household Arts teaches how to test and judge fabrics, from the standpoint of quality; how to become more discriminating in taste; how to make wiser selection in clothing and house-furnishings from the view point of beauty and utility.

Included in this course of Home Economics, is the practical instruction in the proper care of articles after they have been made or purchased. After an extensive study of the different fibres, a girl is then prepared to see the value of laundry principles. Laundry methods awaken a sense of responsibility in the student and a pride in the possession of a well-kept wardrobe.

If a student shows adaptability and interest in Home Economics, she would be well advised to continue her studies along this line, fitting herself for one of the many openings available. Having completed her course in Home Economics, there is an interesting variety of special vocations from which to choose. Dietetics; tea-room management; teaching, cooking, and food research will appeal to some, while others may choose designing of hats and dresses, textile research; interior decorating; or teaching Household Arts in the schools. Graduates in Home Economics are particularly sought after by managers of large departmental stores to act as buyers and consultants in many departments.



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HVMOVR



Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then he wrote "Travels with a Donkey."

Miss Argue—"As we walk outdoors on a cold winter's morning, what do we see on every hand?"

Betty B.—"Gloves."

It is easy to identify the owner of a car. He is the one who, after you have shut the door opens it and slams it harder.

Customer—"Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

Barber—"It isn't that, sometimes I snip off a bit of the customer's ear."

Lady—"I suppose you've been in the navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs."

Sailor—"Why, lady, I wasn't even looking."

Mary—"Is your husband a book worm?"

Jane—"No, just an ordinary one."

Wife—"How would you like mother for dinner?"

Husband—"Fried."

"I'm fed up on that," said the baby pointing to the high-chair.

Boss—"When you called up my wife and told her I would be detained at the office, what did she say?"

Steno—"She said, 'Can I depend on that?'"

Mr. Kangaroo—"But, Mary, where is the child?"

Mrs. Kangaroo—"Good Heavens, I've had my pockets picked."

At the Dance

Grace H.—I simply adore that funny step. Where did you pick it up.

Russ G.—Funny step, nothing. I'm losing my garter.

Little Johnny, whose mother was continually checking him up for swearing, came running into the house.

"Mother," he said, "is it swearing if I say Rotterdam?"

"No, my boy," she replied, "that's the name of a city."

"Well," said Johnny, "Mary ate all the fudge and I hope it will Rotterdam teeth."

An optimist is a fellow who thinks his wife has quit cigarettes when he finds cigar butts in the ash trays.

Johnny, aged seven, gazed at the leopards for a long time and then asked his mother: "Say, is this the dotted lion everybody asks dad to sign on."

Neil—"Does Fred still walk with that old slouch of his?"

George—"No, I hear he is going with a better woman now."

Etta—"Gee, that date was fresh last night."

Mona—"Why didn't you slap his face?"

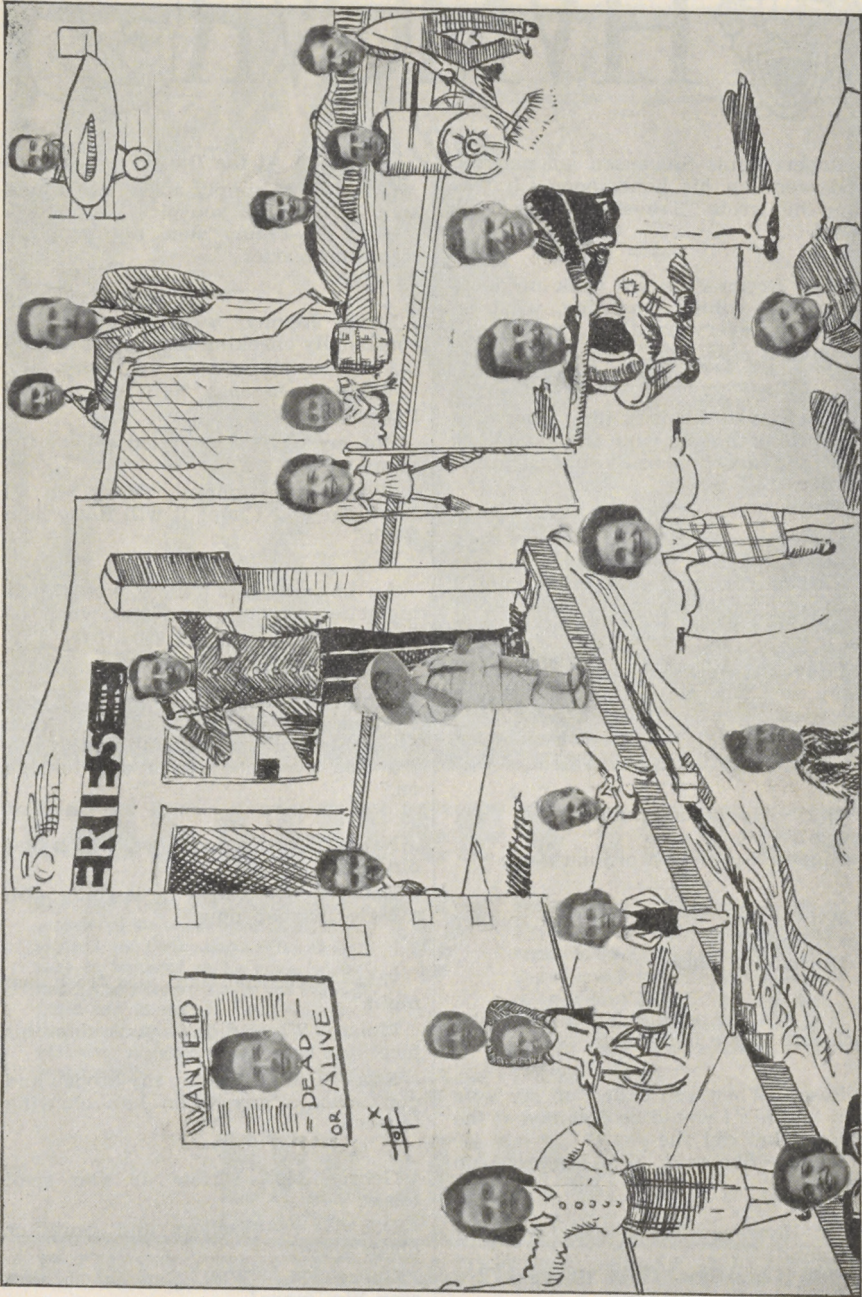
Etta—"I did, but take my advice and don't slap a guy when he's chewing tobacco."

George M. — "How do you spell sense?"

Doc L. A.—"Dollars and cents or horse sense?"

George M.—"Well, like in 'I ain't seen him sense.'"

Down Our Alley



Helen's Hen(e)ry

There was a young lady called Helen,
Whose history was brainy, I'm tellin';
Along came a test,
She wrote with much zest,
But somethin' went wrong with her spellin'.

Moral—Though a Henry is a king, a henery is a place to keep hens in.
(Helen Thompson)

Reply to "Helen's Hen(e)ry"—

The Reason Why!

"Oh, Henery, the Second, I do declare,
I've added an "e," to you unaware,
And though you've been dead some hundred years
My error quite moves my friends to tears!"
"Now, Helen," they said, "A 'henery' is
A place where the baby chicks are 'riz';
The Nursery where the hen children grow,
Has nothing to do with Kings; you know."
Daughters of Eve, do "can" the din!
'Tis not such an inconceivable sin;
For you'll find if you read your history through
That some kings were "eggs," and bad ones too!!!
And if Henry were here, and had his way,
You might be minus a head today.
As for me—he might add in a mood perverse,
"Bring here the girl who composed this verse!"
(Helen McDowell)



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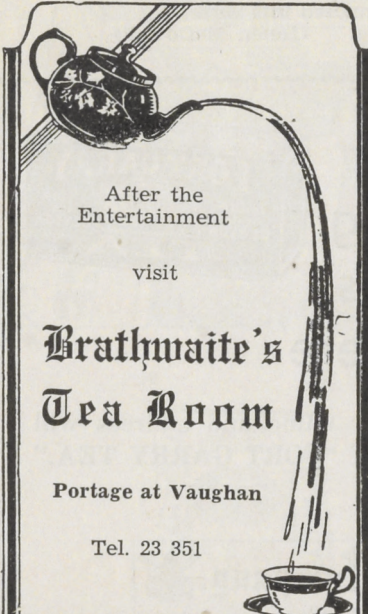
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And, of course, don't forget the prisoner who wanted to skip the rope.

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Rastus: "Yassah, Boss, I'se back afore you again, but dis time I got a cause."

Judge: "Well, what is it Rastus?"

Rastus: "Judge, what would you do, if someone steal your gal?"

Judge: "I'd cut her company, Rastus."

Rastus: "Dat's jus' what I did—and I cut him deep."

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The Staff, Exclusive of Teachers

THE SERVICE STAFF of the Gordon Bell High School consists of Miss Blanchard, the school "steno," Mr. Doyland, Mr. Harkness, and Mr. Sutherland, the school caretakers.

This is Miss Blanchard's first year with the Bell, and she is a great asset to the school in general and co-operates whole-heartedly in every activity. Miss Blanchard is in charge of the Lost and Found Bureau, and assistant manager of affairs in the office. We sincerely hope she will be with the school for many more years.

Mr. Doyland, as head of the service staff, has served five faithful years with the school. He has always been a help to the student in trouble, and also of great assistance to any activity within the school. Mr. Doyland is a member of the St. John's Ambulance Corps, as are his two assistants, Mr. Harkness and Mr. Sutherland. Their knowledge of this art has been very beneficial to the student body.

Mr. Harkness, assistant service man, has been with the school for six years and holds the official record. We know through his long service that Mr. Harkness has availed himself to the utmost in supporting school activities. We sincerely hope Mr. Harkness will be with the school another six years or more.

Mr. Sutherland, who is more or less the Clark Gable of the service group, has been with the school for his first year. He is well known by the athletes of the school as he was trainer of the Rugby and Track teams. When it comes to school activities and Mr. Sutherland's part, the school is not weakened one particle. The one thing we would like to know is—"Where did you get that (straw) hat?"

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Gird up your souls within you to the deed;
Angels and fellow spirits bid you speed.*

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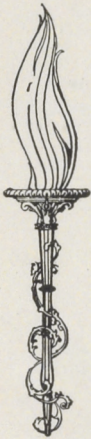
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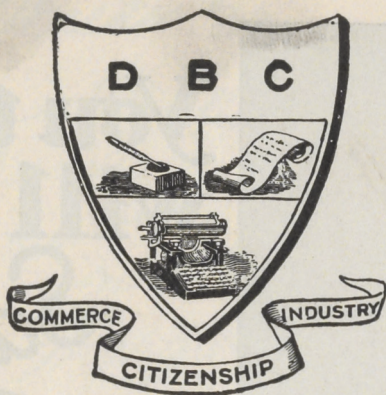
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